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THE SPRING JOURNEY.

Oh, green was the corn, as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of em'rald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sung jovial and loud;
From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground,
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill,
And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure, as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleamed broad overhead.

Oh, such be life's journey, and such be our skill,
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill;
Through sunshine and shower, may our progress be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of heaven!

SCENE FROM THE PANTOMIME OF "HUMPTY DUMPTY."

Now being performed at the Olympic Theatre. [For description of engraving, see elsewhere.]

SHE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS.

A TALE OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER II.

MR. AND MRS. BROOKS—THE COMPLAISANT LANDLADY—MRS. DUFF HAS HER EYES ABOUT HER—OLD JIM—THE QUICK RETURN—THE SUDDEN STOP—THE RECOGNITION.

The young people sat over their meal till the evening twilight had deepened almost into darkness, and the lights on the opposite shore began to twinkle out one by one, looking strange and unreal against their background of hill and crag.

"Come, my little wife," said the gentleman at length, "a penny for your thoughts, as old people say. What are you dreaming of so intently? Are you admiring Auld Reekie over yonder, or pondering the ways of Scotch people, of whom our landlady seems a tolerable specimen, or what?"

"I was thinking, Arthur——"

"Well?"

"I was thinking—suppose I should die."

"My dear girl, what has put such an idea into your head? You are nervous to-night; I have brought you too far to-day. Come, rouse up a bit. There's our antiquated conveyance coming round to the door, and the pair of prime horses that respectable old dame down stairs talked so much about. Prime! ha! ha! High of bone and scant of flesh, like Don Quixote's Rosinante. We shall be at Kirkcaldy in an hour, and then all our troubles will be over for the present."

"For the present—yes; but the future——"

"Oh, I don't fear the future one bit!" he said, though a slight sigh belied his words. "When I take my wife and my heir (for it's to be a son, my darling) to my father, and he looks on your lovely face, he'll forget all my disobedience, and accept the wife I bring him as gladly as if he had chosen her from all the world himself."

Mrs. Duff made her appearance, opening the door after a slight rap, to say that the carriage was waiting.

"We are quite ready," he said, paying the bill she presented with a most respectful curtsey, and wondering somewhat at the excessive civility of this Scotch landlady, who seemed to anticipate their slightest wants and wishes.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks had not met with much attention on their long journey, beyond the ordinary purchasable obsequiousness of porters and waiters; but then the young gentleman had not happened to drop his handkerchief till he got to the White Hart at Burnt-island. The landlady would have brought out all the wraps and cushions in her establishment for the accommodation of Mrs. Brooks, would that lady have allowed her; she insisted on a cushion for her feet, and another for her back, and a shawl, in addition to her traveling attire, till the poor girl, ill and worn out with the fatigue of traveling, could have wept in very gratitude at such kindness from a total stranger.

"Ah, my dear lady, I was a young wife once myself," she said, as she muffled up her departing guest; "and I can feel for you. You'll be going to your people?"

"No, I am a stranger in Scotland. I have no friends here," she said, with a half sigh.

"To your husband's folk, then, may be?"

"Yes," she replied, in a somewhat hesitating tone. "We are going to stay at Kirkcaldy some time."

"Then may be you'll be ower here, and you'll call and see me. I'll be glad if you will."

"Thank you, you are very kind," she answered, leaning wearily back in the carriage, as Mrs. Duff fussed and bustled and chattered all at the same time. "I will be sure to come if I am over here again;" and, amid many voluble "good-byes" and good wishes, the carriage drove off.

"I said that Jim should bring the cushions and things back," said Mrs. Duff, musing, when the travelers were fairly gone, and she was solacing herself with a glass of toddy in her own private sanctum, "but if he doesn't bring back something besides I haven't got eyes in my head."

"Eh, mother, what do you mean?" exclaimed Miss Mary, pausing in her preparation of a glass of the same refreshment for herself, and staring at her mother open-mouthed. "There's not much to be picked up in the way of returns on that road now. Folks are all going North, and Jim's so precious stupid, he never catches any, if they're as plenty as blackberries."

"Oh, I don't mean that," returned Mrs. Duff, taking a most satisfactory gulp of her toddy. "I was thinking of that poor young thing who has just gone away. I've been a mother myself, and I've got eyes in my head, and if ever she gets to Kilrkcaldy this night it'll be a wonder to me. Poor little thing; she don't look above seventeen or so, and all alone as she is:"

"You've taken a mighty fancy to those folks, it seems to me," said Miss Mary, contemptuously. "You'll never see them any more."

"I may or I may not," replied her mother. "Anyway civility costs nothing, and somehow that young lord—for a lord he is, I'm sure of that—may remember the Scotch inn, where the landlady attended to him so well, when nobody knew him."

"I think you're going daft," was her daughter's dutiful observation. "He was no lord. You're always taking some fancies into your head. Don't you remember the actor chap that you took for some great man, and served him with the best of everything for a week? how much did you get out of *his* lordship?"

Mrs. Duff winced a little. She had good reason to remember what her daughter spoke of the gentleman in question having swindled her not a little; but she stuck to her opinion nevertheless.

"He *was*, I tell ye, and some time or other we shall find it out for certain."

"I wonder you didn't offer them accommodation here, and send for doctors and nurses, and turn the house into a hospital at once. Your head's fairly turned with them."

"And so Iwould but for your father. I know what I am about, I can tell you. 'Twould have been money in my pocket if I had; but Duff would have been sure to find fault. I shall have them back yet, I feel sure of it. Here's Duff's voice! Put that glass away! He'll be as drunk as a pig himself, and begrudge us anything, however hard we work. Ugh, I thought so. The passage is'nt wide enough for him to come in."

It didn't seem so, indeed, for the noise of a man stumbling heavily from side to side was distinctly audible, and a tipsy voice was heard calling first on Mrs. Duff and then on her daughter.

"Clear up here, Mary, while I go and get him down into the kitchen, said the landlady, as the unsteady steps drew near. "He'll rouse all the neighborhood else, and break his neck down the stairs afterwards. Ah, I hear you, you swearing brute."

And apostrophising her husband in this wifely fashion, Mrs. Duff withdrew, while Miss Mary removed all traces of the way in which her mother and herself had been consoling themselves after their day's work. Scarcely were the glasses in the cupboard and the bar tidied, and the tipsy master of the house seated in safety by the kitchen fire, when the noise of a carriage hastily driven up was heard.

Up came Mrs. Duff from the lower regions, her professional smile on her face, ready to receive the arriving guests; out rushed Miss Mary from the bar and the waiter from a mouldy closet at the end of the passage, and stood in an attitude of great impressment till the travellers should alight. Nothing came of it, however, the mountain only brought forth a mouse, the carriage was the one which had driven away scarce an hour ago, and only old Jim alighted, and restored to his mistress the cushions and wraps she had lent Mrs. Brooks.

"Why, you've never been to Kirkcaldy, man," said she, staring at him in surprise. "How have you got back so soon?"

"No, I haven't been to Kirkcaldy," replied the old man shortly, busying himself about his horses.

Jim was a bit of an oddity in his way, short in speech and abrupt in manner, and famous in the neighborhood for his literal obedience to orders, doing exactly what he was bidden, neither more nor less. He was a Londoner by birth, and had been a policeman in the modern Babylon in his young days, but had been many years in Scotland. He was a valuable, honest servant, despite his odd ways, and Mrs. Duff frequently declared that she would not part with "English Jim," as he was called, for a score of her own countrymen.

A good deal of the effect of the discipline of his youth still lingered about Jim, something of the spirit of the officer, who, when asked by his sergeant if he knew a certain man on his beat, replied, "I have had no orders to know him, sir," and this part of his disposition was uppermost to-night.

Nothing could be extracted from Jim except the fact that his fare had chosen to stop at Kinghorn instead of going on; that he had drawn up at the first public house where there was a light; that the young gentleman had gone in, and sent him back with cushions and a dram, and sent him back.

"But why did they stop there?" asked Mrs. Duff and her daughter in a breath. "Why didn't they go on?"

"Don't know, ma'am; the gentleman didn't say."

"Was the lady ill?"

"Couldn't say, ma'am."

"But didn't you hear anything about it?"

"You didn't tell me to hear or see anything, ma'am," replied Jim, touching his straggling grey hair.

"Can you do nothing but what you are bid to do in so many words?" asked the landlady snappishly. "Any other man but you would have been anxious to know why he was stopped in the middle of a stage like that."

"Perhaps," muttered the old man to himself. "And any poor man like me is too glad of a sovereign to tell tales."

"*Where* did you say they stopped?" asked Mary.

"At Widow Morrison's house, miss. The one that the English people took."

"That house?" shrieked Mrs. Duff. "There's no accommodation there. They haven't a decent bed in the house. You should have tried to persuade them to come back here, Jim."

"If the lady was ill, that would have been about the same as going on to Kirkcaldy," replied Jim. "'Twarn't no business of mine any way; and now, ma'am, if you haven't got no more to ask me, I'll see after them 'osses."

Mrs. Duff was right in her conjecture.

Mrs. Brooks was ill—too ill to have started at all had she confessed the fact, but she was anxious, more for her husband's sake than her own, to reach the place where he had decided they should stay. Through a trusty agent he had made arrangements for their residence in quiet lodgings in Kirkcaldy till his wife's health should be restored, and for the care of her infant, should it live, till such time as he could avow his marriage to the world. To his young wife it mattered little where she stayed, or where her child first saw the light. She was an orphan, with scarce a friend in the world, and so he was by her side, she cared for little else.

They were scarce a mile from the hotel when it became evident to her husband that she would never be able to bear even the short journey before her.

"We must go back," he said in alarm. "That woman seemed a kind creature. We will turn round at once."

"No, I can go on," she said, restraining him, as he would have let down the carriage window. "It's only a little way, I can go on."

Another two miles were passed over, and then the glass was let down, and the gentleman's voice shouted to the driver:—

"Is there any house near?"

"We are within a quarter of a mile of Kinghorn, sir."

"Are there any inns there?"

"One or two, sir. Kind of inns. Not of much account."

"Drive on as hard as you can, and pull up at the first one. The very first, do you hear?"

The window was shut down, and Jim, to use his own expression, "took it out of the 'osses" for the next few minutes, till they arrived at a small inn, scarce better than a roadside public house. There seemed to be bustle and confusion within, but of this Mr. Brooks took no note. He hurriedly alighted, and, taking his wife in his arm, carried her across the threshold. Her face was very white, and every now and then contracted as if in pain, but she made no complaint, though her lips were marked with blood as if they had been bitten in some terrible agony.

The master of the house came hastily forward, as such unusual guests for him entered his house. He looked pale and scared, too, and his voice trembled as he began to speak.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I'm sure, but——"

The young gentleman had placed his wife in a chair, and was loosening her cloak. He started at the voice, and turned round with an exclamation of surprise. The man started back, a strange look upon his face—half doubt, half fear. He put his hand to his eyes, as if he would assure himself he was really awake and in his senses.

He looked from the new comer to the half insensible figure on the chair with a puzzled expression, that would have been ludicrous but for the concern that mingled with it. At length he spoke, stammering and confused:—

"My—my——" he was beginning, but Arthur Brooks put up a warning hand. He, too, was startled, but he had more presence of mind than the host.

"Matthews!" he said, "is it you? Hush, not a word," he continued, as another actor appeared on the scene.

CHAPTER III.

DR. CAMERON—MRS. MATTHEWS' NURSE—MISTRESS AND MAID—MOTHER AND CHILD DOING WELL—A DOUBLE BLESSING.

It was an old gentleman who entered the room, dressed in a somewhat shabby suit of black, and with linen looking tumbled, as if personal appearance were quite a secondary consideration with him. His boots were thick and heavy, and their dusty condition told of a good amount of country walking. He had a cheery, good-humored face, and keen, penetrating eye. It was a face that could be trusted—the face of an honest, simple-hearted man, who, throughout all his useful, upright life, had never told a lie or done a dishonest action. He came in hastily, turning up his coat sleeves, and twisting a woollen cravat, somewhat the worse for wear, round his neck, as if, business over, he were preparing to go home.

"I think I left my hat in here," he said, not noticing the presence of strangers. "Mrs. Matthews is very well—very well, indeed, considering—and you have as fine a little daughter as I ever saw. I will be here the first thing——"

He stopped suddenly, seeing the young couple for the first time

"I beg pardon," he continued, "I didn't see——"

The young gentleman had recovered his words.

"I am," replied the old gentleman eagerly.

Arthur drew him aside, and, in a few words, explained his situation—how the journey had proved too much for his wife, and how they stood in need of even a place to shelter her.

"Is there an inn near enough for her to be carried to?" he asked anxiously. "Money is no object, none whatever."

"There is an inn not a stone's throw from this, but you would be better here. You are English, I see, and so are this man and his wife. If she were up now, she'd make you at home in a minute, but she presented her lord and master with a fine little girl some two hours since, so you won't see much of her."

"I don't know what to do," said the young man, despondingly. "My wife is so ill that——"

"That to take her anywhere else might be risking her life, so don't think of it. There, Mr. Matthews, you can get help and accommodate this gentleman and lady, can you not? We shall have to borrow some of your new daughter's belongings before long, I expect." Matthews had been standing as if utterly bewildered by the sudden arrival, and started when the doctor addressed him like a man in a dream.

"I would do anything for his——" he began, stopping suddenly at a warning look from his guest, "I mean for Mr. ——"

"Brooks," said Arthur, almost inclined to laugh, even in the midst of his perplexities, at his confusion and bewilderment.

"Well, then, that's settled," said the doctor, good-humoredly. "Then you go and sit by your wife like a dutiful husband, and send the old lady up there down to me. I shall want her valuable assistance, and mind, not a word to Mrs. Matthews; she need know nothing of what is going on. To-morrow morning will be quite soon enough to tell her any news. Remember how weak she is, and keep a discreet guard over your tongue."

Matthews promised everything, and departed upstairs, and the old lady the doctor had spoken of made her appearance in the shape of a kindly looking, clean old Scotchwoman, who seemed disposed to go off into a perfect whirlwind of exclamations and protestations at the prospect before her till stopped by the doctor.

"That will do," he said, decidedly. "We can talk when all's all over; to-morrow will do for our tongues; our eyes and hands are wanted now."

"That's true, doctor; but how it's a' to be done, I dinna ken. There's Mistress Matthews might want me any minute."

"I know that, and we must have some one else in. Do you know where that woman lives that nursed Farmer Maitland?"

"What, Mother Buchan, doctor? She's ower muckle tongue for a sick room, to my thinking."

"Never mind her tongue. Do you know where she stops?"

"Oh, ay, I ken fine, but she'll be in her bed."

"Then she must get out of it. Send that great lazy boy for her directly."

"He's in his bed tae."

"Mercy on me," exclaimed the doctor, fairly roused, "are folks to lie and sleep when people are dying perhaps for want of help? You're enough to drive a man crazy."

The difficulties were overcome, however, the boy was roused, and the woman fetched, and Mrs. Brooks laid in a clean, soft bed, in a snug little room, hastily arranged 'tis true, but looking very comfortable nevertheless. Mrs. Matthews and her infant slept calmly, unconscious of anything unusual going on around them, unconscious of the surreptitious rifling of what had been set aside as the baby's drawer.

This was performed by the nurse with many a glance at the bed as she took out article after article and hung them over her arm. It was safely accomplished, however, and she gave a sigh of relief as she closed the door.

"If she had wakened now, I should nae hae kent what to say," she said to herself. "It'll be nae business o' mine the morn, they may tell her how they like."

Hour after hour crept by, and the young husband waited in anxious expectation downstairs. Now pacing the little room in anxious restlessness, now throwing himself into a chair, and with covered face breathing an unspoken prayer for the safety of his darling, now rushing to the door, as if the air of the house stifled him, and standing on the step, looking out across the broad water, so still in the bright moonlight.

From time to time some one would bring him tidings from the room where lay his wife. First one of the women, then the other, their broad Scotch almost unintelligible to his southern ears, would come and assure him that "a' was right;" once Doctor Cameron, with his kindly face and hearty voice, put in his head to give him the same good tidings.

"You'll turn a brighter face to me than that," he said, smiling at Arthur's forlorn countenance, "when I introduce you to a fine bouncing son. You'll suffer no greater inconvenience than a short delay on your journey. Mrs. Brooks is going on capitally; cap-i-tally!" he repeated, rubbing his hands with professional satisfaction. "And now I must run back to her. I thought the sight of me would re-assure you a little."

"It has indeed," the young man replied; "will you have anything, doctor?"

"Nothing now, thank you, by-and-by I shall be happy to drink your son's health, Mr. Brooks."

"Or my daughter's."

"Or your daughter's, which ever it pleases Providence to send you," said the doctor, with a touch of reverence in his tone, as he left the room.

Somehow things seemed quite different to Arthur after his brief visit. The doctor spoke singularly good English, though with a slight Scotch accent; he had made it a study, not because he despised the kindly tongue of his native land, as too many Scotchmen do, but because in his young days he had cherished the ambition of settling in London, and having an English practice and an English wife.

That dreamy old bachelor doctor in that little Scotch day-dream spoke more like an English gentleman than the lonely neighbors approved of. They accused him of being proud; of thinking his own tongue beneath him; of a hundred other delinquencies of which the worthy man was utterly unconscious, but they liked him for all that. His good-humored face seemed to carry hope and sunshine with it, and his practice, if not very lucrative, was very extensive, for the poor people for miles round patronised him without exception.

"He was so good to the bairns," mothers would say in apology for coming to him and deserting their own parish doctors; and Doctor Cameron might have had the gratis practice of all that part of Fife if he would.

He had not left the room many minutes before Matthews entered, with many an apology for not paying more attention to his guest.

"I am very sorry, my——" he began.

"Hush, Matthews," the young man interposed, "no names here, I'm Arthur Brooks at present. Nothing else, recollect."

"I'll try and remember, my——that is, sir," stammered he, bungling at the very outset. "But I'm so astonished."

"Not more than I am to see you here, I can tell you. Sit down, if you can spare time, and tell me all about it."

"My wife's asleep, sir, so I am not wanted to play nurse," he replied smiling. "Ah, if this hadn't happened just now she'd have made you comfortable. She takes great pride in the comforts of our house."

"We shall do very well," interrupted Mr. Brooks. "I want to hear about yourself, Matthews; you left my father to go to America, I thought."

"So I did, so I did, sir; but the gentleman died sudden, awful sudden, sir, after our passage was took and everything ready, and the heir, he behaved very handsome to me; gave me a year's wages, he did, and I'd been keeping company with my wife some time then, and we thought it was a good chance to get married, so we made it up at once."

"But how did you come here, to this out-of-the-way place?"

"That was through her friends; her mother was Scotch, and this house belonged to a brother of hers. Well, he died just as we were married, and left it to Maggie's mother, and we came here and kept house with her; she was getting old and feeble, and not very fit for business. She died too about three months since, and now it's our ow,n and we're doing pretty tidy in it."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Arthur warmly, "very glad; though you are about the last person in the world I should have expected to find in a Scotch public house. But who did you marry, Matthews? you didn't tell me that. What was your wife's name?"

"I expect you have heard of her, sir. Her name was Margaret Eltham?"

"Margaret Eltham?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'm sure I've heard the name somewhere, but I can't think where."

"At Lawyer Carson's, sir; she was Miss Laura's maid."

"Ah, I recollect," said Arthur, while a real flush rose in his face. "A fair haired girl, was she not; blue eyed, something like her young mistress?"

"Very like her, sir; as like as two peas; dressed up in Miss Carson's things you would hardly tell the difference."

"I daresay the experiment was often tried."

"I daresay, sir; girls will be girls, you know."

"And who do you think my wife is?" said the young man, after a brief pause, during which he had been revolving in his own mind the wisdom of letting his father's *ci devant* valet into his secret. "He will be sure to find out," he thought. "It may be safer to take him into my confidence."

"I haven't the least idea," he replied. "I didn't see the lady's face."

"Guess."

"I'm bad at guessing," said Matthews. "Not Lady Mary, is it, Mr. Brooks?"

"That's better," said the young man, with a smile. "You'll have it all right after a bit, but Lady Mary! You are bad at guessing. If I had married Lady Mary, do you think I should be here in this muddle? I should be doing Europe in a carriage and four, or waiting the advent of my heir at home, with half the doctors and nurses in the country at my beck and call, and enough linen and lace to smother a score of babies prepared for his arrival. No, no; you must guess again."

"I can't think, I'm sure, sir. I've thought over all the young ladies I've ever heard of, and I can't pitch on one at all likely for you."

"Suppose I've taken an unlikely one; those things happen sometimes. I didn't marry Mrs. Brooks," he continued, with a smile, "for any of the thousand and one reasons generally brought forward in matrimonial affairs, but simply because I loved her. Your wife was Miss Carson's maid, you say; mine is Miss Carson herself!"

"Miss Laura, sir?"

"Yes, Miss Laura. Is there anything so wonderful in my taking her?"

"No, sir; she's a sweet creature; but I heard she was le badi off."

"So she was—not a penny."

"And your father, your lordship?"

"Ay, there's the rub. What my father will say remains to be seen. Matthews, you must keep my secret till I am of age. Can I depend on you?"

"You may, my—that is, Mr. Brooks."

"At it again, Matthews! I'll make it worth your while to hold your tongue, remember; but you'll ruin everything if you keep insisting on names I bid you forget. We are Mr. and Mrs. Brooks."

"Yes, m—m—my—that is, Mr. Brooks, I'll be very careful," Matthews said, emphatically, and his face opened and Doctor Cameron—it seemed for his face hand. "All is over, and well over."

"Let me congratulate you," he said, cheerful; there was

"A boy?" asked Arthur—it was all he could trust his voice to say.

"Well, no," said the doctor. "That's the only drawback; it's not a boy."

"No matter, so my wife is safe," he replied. "I shall be quite as well satisfied with a daughter."

"Providence has been very bountiful to you, Mr. Brooks," Doctor Cameron said, with a merry twinkle of his eye. "The blessing is doubled in your case; you have two daughters."

"Two!" ejaculated the young man, with a dismayed face.

"Two," replied the doctor. "Twin daughters, my dear sir, and remarkably fine children, I can assure you."

CHAPTER IV.

TWIN DAUGHTERS—THE WEAKLY INFANT—THE DISTINGUISHING MARK—A MOTHER'S ANXIETY—THE DEAD BABY—NO MISTAKE.

It was with deep thankfulness and joy that Arthur Brooks bent over his young wife, when at length he was permitted to see her. Joy for her safety; no other feeling found place in his heart; notwithstanding the hoped-for heir to whose birth he had looked forward as a means of reconciliation with his father had turned out a brace of daughters, and the "double blessing," as the doctor had styled them, was asserting its right to be heard and attended to most emphatically.

As for their mother, her joy knew no bounds, boy or girl it had mattered little to her, so her baby was alive, and she gazed on the tiny red-faced specimens of humanity by her side with all a young mother's admiring rapture.

"Are they not lovely?" she said, feebly, tugging at the bed-clothes to allow their father a better view of their several beauties. "Only I wish they wouldn't cry. The nurse says they don't want anything, but they make me nervous."

"It shows their lungs are all right, I suppose," he said. "I can't see much beauty in them at present. They are funny-looking little creatures. I don't think they ought to stop here crying; they must be hungry, surely."

"Hungry, Arthur? What an idea!" she said, with a smile.

"Too much talking here," said the doctor, putting in his head. "This won't do, Mr. Brooks. I don't want my patient in a fever. Those babies seem restless, nurse."

"Ay, do they; I never dressed such restless bairns."

"Then take them away; there's a fire in the next room. Make up a bed somehow for them and keep them warm, and keep the door shut. This noise will never do."

"There's a fire, if it's na gane oot; it was lighted to have things handy for Mistress Matthews."

"See and get it made up, then, and take the children in there; the whole trio, if the other one seems wakeful. The mothers are of far more importance."

"Yes, sir."

"Upon my word you women leave everything to me; you seem to have no brains. Here's Mrs. Brooks patting and hushing, when she ought to be getting to sleep, and you sitting staring at the fire.

The woman got up, muttering something about "fractious weans," and took the children away, followed wistfully by their mother's eyes.

"They are only going into the next room," said the doctor, in answer to her mute appeal. "I would send them further off if I could out of the house if it were possible; it is absolutely necessary for you to rest, so take leave of this gentleman. I am going to banish him for a long time."

"Just another minute, doctor," pleaded the patient; I have one thing to ask him."

"Only a minute, then," he replied; "talking is expressly prohibited."

He left the room, and the young mother looked after him with anxious eyes.

"Is he *quite* gone, Arthur?" she asked.

"Quite, my darling.

"And the door shut?"

"Yes."

"I wanted to ask you something—does the man of the house know you?"

"Yes."

"Oh, Arthur!"

"Nay, don't be frightened; he is my father's old valet, he will keep our secret, never fear; and his wife is your maid, Margaret."

"My Maggie!" said Laura, joyfully. "Oh, I am so glad!"

"Well, rest and go to sleep. You are safe and secluded here. Perhaps it is for the best we alighted on them."

He went down stairs again to take some refreshment after the night's excitement, and Dr. Cameron turned into the room where the nurse had taken the infants. Into the room where the nurse had taken the infants. She sat by the fire, a child on either arm, rocking herself to and fro in not the most amiable temper. By her side stood the woman who had been fetched in to assist, with Mrs. Matthews' baby in her arms.

"Quite a family," said he, with a laugh. "How are all the babies?"

"This one's quiet enough," said the woman; "but they twa are the warst weans I ever cam' near. Nae signs o' sleep about them."

"They seem lively enough," he said, looking at them. "They're exactly alike, not a feature different now. They may not grow up alike."

Matthews' voice called from the next room, and the woman who held his child laid it down on a bed which had been hastily arranged on a low table by the fire.

"There is a difference," said the nurse, "and it's lucky there is; it's awkward when twins are exactly like each other."

"A difference? Your eyes are quicker than mine, Mrs. Cheyne. I can see none,"

"It's not much, sir, it's only a mark."

"A mark?"

"Yes, see here. I tried to wash it off for a long time; it's not much, but it will be enough to ken by."

She held up one little red hand as she spoke, and pointed it out. It was a little brown mark, more a streak than a spot, across the knuckles, hardly dark enough in color to be a disfigurement, but sufficiently defined to be seen.

"That's fortunate," he said, passing his finger over it and ascertaining that it was really a mark on the skin. "It's like one of those family or hereditary marks that sometimes exist; it will be exactly like the mark of a whip when the child grows up, but it will distinguish these two one from the other most completely. What is this other little creature like?" he continued, going towards the table. "I have had so much to do and think about since I saw it, I quite forget if it was in any way remarkable."

"It's just as like these twa as if they a' three belanged to the same father and mother."

"So it is. That's awkward. You women must take care you make no blunder. You'd better put some different dress on this one to know it."

"I'll just tie a bit of ribbon on it, and 'twill be easy kent. But, doctor, I'm thinking it'll no live lang."

"Perhaps not; it is a pity, for it is a nice child, too. Good morning, nurse. I am going home to bed. Mind you don't get into a muddle with your family."

"A muddle! I'll get in no *muddle*," said the nurse, contemptuously, as he went down stairs. "If he'd said that to Widow Buchan, now, there wad hae been mair reason in't. But me, as has nursed in Kinghorn a matter o' twenty year! The best o' families I've been in. *Carriage families!* Me make a muddle! Not half as soon as *he* would, with all his fine English ways. I'll have no mistakings o' bairns where I am. I'll mark it at once."

She laid the infants down beside the little sleeper on the bed, and looked about for something to tie round the wrist of Mrs. Matthews' baby. Nothing was forthcoming, however; the room was a miracle of neatness, and no odds and ends lay about any corner of it.

"I'll nae go out o' sight till it's done," she said to herself, and, turning up her dress, she tore a strip of braid off the bottom. "There, my lassie—there's something for your mither tae ken ye by."

She tied the strip round the arm of the infant—the right one, she knew, for she had placed them so as to be sure, Mrs. Brooks' babies nearest the fire, the other still wrapped in the shawl on the other side. She looked intently at it as it lay.

"It'll nae live, I'm sure o't," she muttered, "it doesna breathe right."

She lifted it and removed the shawl, and laid it on the pillow beside the others.

"That's better; it's nae sae stifled like," and, carefully covering them from the draught and light, she left the room.

She glanced at Mrs. Brooks. She was sleeping calmly the deep, refreshing slumber which follows on suffering and exhaustion. Then into her other patient's room, to find its occupant feverish and excited. She had not slept, and in the few minutes she had worked herself into a serious state of feverish agitation. He had not made matters better, for instead of quietly composing himself, he had wandered, he endeavored to make her believe there was nothing the matter. Dr. Cameron had left the house, believing her still asleep, or he would have counselled very differently. Mrs. Cheyne took his view of the matter, and, sitting down by her side, told her quietly of all that had happened during the night, and accounted satisfactorily for all she had heard and fancied—turning her fears into curiosity respecting the young stranger, and anxiety lest she should not be properly attended to in her absence.

"She'll be looked after weel enough, dinna fash yersel' about her; they've plenty o' money. Her man's going to Kirkcaldy the morn tae fetch a' the things that were to be ready there."

"Where's my baby?" interrupted the mother. "Have you put it beside hers? If they're all girls there'll be some blunder made among them. Go fetch me my baby."

"They're a' sleeping," replied the nurse. "Ye're as fidgetty as the doctor was about them. He was feared for a mistake, and I just marked yours wi' a bit o' black braid. Do you think ye can rest yer lane a wee while, while I rin doon stairs and get a cup of tea?"

"Oh, yes, I don't want anything. Is the young lady asleep?"

"Sleeping fine, and Mistress Buchan is in the next room wi' the bairns. She'll hear if you want anything—you've only to speak."

Mrs. Cheyne went down stairs, nothing loth to get some breakfast, and Mrs. Matthews tried to settle herself to rest.

It was no use, however. The excitement had done its work, and for five minutes, which seemed to her like five hours, she lay restlessly tossing her head from side to side, trying in vain to sleep.

"I should be better if I had baby," she said wearily to herself. "I could lie still if I had her to look at." She lifted her head, and called Mrs. Buchan. There was no answer for a moment, and she called again. The woman replied this time, in a startled sort of tone, as if she had been napping, and made her appearance yawning.

"Did ye call?" she asked.

"Yes. I only want baby; will you bring her?"

"Ye's be better no fash yersel' wi' the bairn," she answered. "It's sleeping."

"So Mrs. Cheyne said, but I want her; I cannot rest without her; bring her in here."

Mrs. Buchan did as she wished, fearing to excite her by opposition, and the infant was brought and laid beside her.

"Where's the black braid? Nurse said she had tied a bit of black braid on her somewhere; where is it?"

"I didn't see it; it'll have dropped off may be, I'll look." She went and returned instantly.

"Ay, it's here," she said, "I got it lying at the bed foot."

"Tie it on again," said the mother. "I don't want any one else to have my pretty baby, and such things have been before now."

"Ay, have they, and might again here, for they're so alike, a' fair haired and much o' a size. Yours is a thocht wee, and the leddy's yonder are great muckle fat bairns, the largest for twins I ever saw."

Mrs. Matthews grew more composed with her baby on her arm, and presently dosed off again. The house was kept as quiet as possible as the day went on; but news of the extraordinary event had got about, and every one seemed to be suddenly struck with a sense of the merits of Mr. Matthews' establishment, and to find it necessary to have a dram of whisky or a bottle of ale from his house. Inconveniently far off it was for some of them, but they did not care for that; something had happened there which could be talked about, and interesting topics of conversation are rare in Kinghorn. It was as much as Matthews and the boy, and now and then Mrs. Buchan, who was pressed into the service, could do to supply the hands and mouths and ears of their customers.

Never had such a trade been done in the house since it was built. Meanwhile all went on favorably upstairs with the two mothers; at least, Mrs. Brooks was reported to her anxious husband to be doing as well as could possibly be expected; Mrs. Matthews, ditto; and the babies—two of them at least—were in the highest possible health.

"That little creature will die," said the doctor in the evening as he stood beside the twins, and looked on the pale face and closed eyelids of one of them.

The innkeeper's wife had not let her treasure out of her sight since the morning, and Mrs. Cheyne had only just removed the other two to commence operations on them for the night.

"It's very strange," he went on. "Those two seemed perfectly strong this morning; it was the other that seemed so weak, and now this one is dying."

"That ane's a' richt noo, though I've hardly touched it the day. Mrs. Matthews seems feared o' losing it I think."

"This one can be better spared perhaps," said Dr. Cameron. "The mother will have one left. Take off its clothes, quick, Mrs. Cheyne. We will do what we can, though I know it's no use."

The nurse laid down the child she held, and hastily undressed the other. Warm water was at hand, and the little form immersed, but it was of no avail. There

were two or three convulsive struggles, a little fluttering of the tiny eyelids, and the frail life so lately given, of so little seeming account in the busy world, was taken back again to know nothing of the struggles of humanity save the experience of a few short hours.

"I cannot understand it," was the doctor's comment, as they laid the little corpse on the table, "how such a change could come about without any apparent reason."

"Mrs. Brooks saw it," said the nurse. "She said twa or three times something ailed the bairn."

"You are sure there was no *mistake?*"

"Quite sure. I tied a black mark on the ither wean before I went out of the room."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, New York.
Box 3,860 New York P. O.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

CLIPPERITE, New Rochelle, N. Y.—1. Bill Ryall. 2. It has been so reported. Time will tell. 3. Not at all likely. 4. Josh Hudson weighed 12st., don't know his exact height. 5. We should judge he weighs about 175lbs. walking about. 6. Harry Jones, "the Sailor Boy," fought the greatest number of recorded battles, thirty-five in all, one of his opponents being the father of Barney Aaron, now matched with Patsy Sheppard, whom he defeated. Twenty-two of these battles were fought within a space of nine years. Now-a-days, if a fighter appears half a dozen times in that period he is regarded as a wonder.

PEDESTRIAN.—1. The limits of the different fighting weights are as follows:—Feather, up to 8st. or 112lbs.; light, up to 9st. 7lbs., or 133lbs.; middle, up to 11st. or 154lbs.; heavy, all above 154lbs. 2. Sam Collyer is the lightest weight champion. Hollingwood and Keating were to fight for the feather-weight championship on the 20th inst. There is no recognized middle or heavy at present. 3. Dexter's 2:17¼ is the fastest. 4. Hamill's best five mile time was 37:39; three miles, 22:27, the best on record. 5. Josh Ward is recorded as having pulled five miles in 35:10. 6. Have'nt heard anything of it for some time.

G. P. F., Charlestown, Mass.—1. James Lambert, an English pedestrian, is on the record as having walked 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours, at Stewart's Gymnasium, Boston, Mass., in 1857, commencing July 28, and finishing Sept. 8. He walked the first mile in 10 min. 50 sec., and the last in 18 min. 30 sec. This feat was completed in the presence of four witnesses, whose affidavits appeared in the CLIPPER shortly afterward. 2. Don't know. 3. His portrait appeared in the CLIPPER of Dec. 12, 1857.

DETROIT.—"A friend made a bet that he could spin a top three minutes by the watch, and I bet he could not spin the top three minutes. He spun it, and it ran three minutes and twenty-five seconds, and he claims the wager. Would the stakeholder be right by giving up the stakes, and did he not lose the bet by spinning the top longer than the time stated?".....He won the bet fairly, and the stakeholder should give the top-spinner the stakes.

AN OLD ROUNDER.—The premises, 202 Centre street, was originally a hose house and was fitted up as a saloon by Bucky McCabe and the late Dan Field. It has since been under the proprietorship of Pat McDermott, "Blink" Riley, Barney Aaron, Johnny Aaron, Patsy Nolan, Johnny Grady and Johnny Mahr at different times. It is at present occupied as a gas-fitting establishment.

H.—Bob Smith, the Liverpool darkey, now deceased, beat Harry Allen on Feb. 30, 1864, and again on Feb. 21, 1865. He also defeated Tom Allen in an off-hand match, June 2, 1864, 50 rounds, in 2 hours and 47 minutes, Allen receiving the lion's share of the punishment. The mill grew out of a dispute over Smith's previous battle with Harry, and neither man was in fix.

E. W. HOYT, Hot Springs, Ark.—Bill Poole was born in Sussex Co., N. J., April, 1823. He stood 5 ft. 9¼ in. in height, and weighed 157lbs. He was shot between 12 and 1 o'clock on the morning of February 25, 1855, died March 8th following, and he was buried March 11. He was 31 years and 11 months old at the period of his death.

PET OF THE PETTIBONES, Cincinnati, O.—1. Astor is supposed to be the richer of the two. 2. From hence to your village is 744 miles. 3. Real estate fluctuates so much and depends so much on the anxiety of the purchaser and the indifference of the seller, and *vice versa*, that it is impossible to tell you what it would fetch. 4. The Rothschilds hold the fullest purse.

C. P. L., Philadelphia.—The programme headed Meteoleon is from the Galveston, Texas, Theatre. The other is a copy of the bill used at the Mobile, Ala., Theatre, under Duffield's management. The one hundredth performance of "Hamlet" at the Winter Garden took place on March 22, 1865, for Booth's benefit.

ESQ.—1. A drama entitled "A Tale of a Tub," written by Mrs. C. Gore, was produced in London in 1837. 2. The first play bills were printed in 1663. 3. Burton attempted to play the part of Piquet, but it was regarded as a failure. 4. Braham visited this country in 1840, and appeared at the Park Theatre.

C. E. D., Philadelphia.—1. Wambold, Grier, Templeton and Fowler compose the quartet with the San Francisco Minstrels. 2. His troupe is not yet full. 3. See our city summary. 4. He is not engaged with any company at present. 5. Wash is a jig dancer. 6. They will not visit your city at present.

T. Essex.—There was no necessity, neither is it usual to commence a new game. The old game should have been played out. In the case in point, however, having departed from the usual course by mutual agreement, mutual agreement should again have been entered into.

W. H. P. Boston.—1. No adversary can play alone against the one who takes the responsibility of the trump. 2. If the latter when thus left with a lone hand he can only score one point. a spring trap. 2. Killing 8 birds out of 12 with a 2½ gauge gun, 2½ drachms powder and 1oz. shot, is considered very fair from rolling to the ground. 3. Yes.

F. B., Brooklyn.—1. We cannot find out whether Elder Booth played in a piece called "Aiscellino, or, the Bravo of Venice," or not. Edwin Booth says he has heard his father mention such a piece, but does not recollect his having played in it.

INQUISITOR, Washington, D. C.—1. Eighty-five points made by Abassey, of Marseilles, France, is the highest run at the three ball French game at billiards. 2. The run referred to was not made in a match game.

G. H. FORA.—If the umpires differ as to the facts of the case, how are we to decide the matter? As each party accuses the other of cheating, your best plan is to return each man his money, and have nothing more to do with them.

A SUBSCRIBER, Auburn, N. Y.—Bob Way jumped 12 feet 5½ inches in his match with Norman Bortles, at Pittsburgh, which at that time was the best standing jump on record. A few weeks subsequent Way cleared 12 feet 8¼ inches at Chicago.

READER, Xenia, O.—1. Morrissey defeated Sullivan in 37 rounds, 55 minutes, for $2,000, Oct. 12, 1853. 2. Hyer beat Sullivan in 16 rounds, 17 minutes 18 seconds, $10,000, Feb. 7, 1849.

YOUNG AMERICA, Meadville.—1. He was at the Worrell Sisters' Theatre a few weeks ago, but is at present in this city unengaged. He goes to California next week. 2. One of the best.

R. McBride.

J. G. P., Washington.—1. Deery was reported to have made 107 points in fifteen minutes, at New Orleans. 2. Fox had the best "average on outs and runs," which is the only correct way of judging.

U. X. R., Meadville.—A cage of monkeys and a fat woman, or a giant would give you a start. You can buy almost any description of a wild animal, from an importer on Chatham street, this city, who always has a large collection on hand.

J. M. S., New Orleans, La.—Con Foley stands about 5ft. 10in. in height and weighs over 190lbs. He has appeared as second on several occasions, including Harry Gribben against Ed. Wilson and Con Orem against Patsy Marley.

S. J. B., Philadelphia.—We have not heard of the show since last December, when it was traveling in Australia. Cannot say when they will return to California.

W. E. W., Scranton.—1. Dan Bryant was born in Troy, N. Y., March 9th, 1833. 2. J. M. Ward is the husband of Pauline Cushman.

G. F. T., Pittsburgh.—Barry Sullivan was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1824; Charles Dillon in Diss, near Norfolk, Eng., in 1826.

NOVICE.—You can obtain the required information by calling at the Currency House on Sixth street, near Chestnut, Philadelphia.

R. F., Buffalo, N. Y.—We cannot give you the desired information at present, but will endeavor to find out the particulars.

SWINGER.—1. Not married. 2. They were really the only contestants. Two others appeared, but they had no earthly chance of winning the trophy. 3. They are not as heavy as stated.

MONTGOMERY.—We have not yet succeeded in gaining for you the information required, but shall persevere in our efforts to do so.

BUNKER HILL, Charlestown.—The rules were published, some years ago, in "Putman's Rower's Manual," but that work is now out of print.

A SUBSCRIBER.—1. B having taken up the trump and declared to go alone, M had no right to go alone against him. 2. B being euchred, the opposite party score two points.

C. M. B., Philadelphia.—1. The company go west, and will not visit your city. 2. Leon, Eugene, Rice and George Charles. 3. They have been engaged.

MCCLEVERLY, Monmouth.—Fistiana is being republished in England and copies can be ordered through Wilmer and Rogers.

SALLIE R., Bloomington, Ill.—One dollar per line for one kind, and fifty cents for the other, we believe. Address *New York Herald*, N. Y. City.

W. B. R., Brooklyn.—The late Mary Gannon played Mrs. Hardcastle in "She Stoops to Conquer" at Wallack's Theatre, Sept. 30th, 1864.

GEO. C., North Cambridge, Mass.—Three lines, 20 cents per line, 8 insertions, $4.80. Duplicate copy, if you wish it inserted.

BALTIMORE.—1. Catch weight means that the parties are not confined to any particular weight. 2. That is one of the Drake's business secrets.

CURIOUS, Louisville.—The letter is advertised in the present issue, and when it is sent for we will inform you through this column.

GRAPEVINE.—There were forty-three rounds fought in all, but the referee left at the termination of the thirty-seventh. It was a drawn battle.

SOT, Indianapolis.—1. We never heard of the party you mention. 2. They are responsible to the best of our belief. 3. At present one of the standing order would be more successful. At present one of the standing order would be more successful. CRUDE OIL, Petroleum Centre, Pa.—1. The great fire in New York occurred in December, 1835. 2. The height of Trinity steeple is 286 feet, and it tops above high water level 336 feet.

STAR.—Lester Wallack did play Robert Macaire to Hadaway's Jacques Strop. It was during the summer of 1848, for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wallack.

TONY.—Brougham's comedy of "Romance and Reality" was produced at the old Broadway Theatre in April, 1848.

J. S. W., Cincinnati, O.—We don't think so—he was ever matched.

G. W. B.—According to custom, the first game will have to be played on the Atlantic ground.

G. S., Kalamazoo.—1. There are errors in both books, but Kelly's is thought to be the most correct. 2. The run counts

REPORTER, South Danvers, Mass.—Items of news are always gratefully accepted.

J. W. R., St. Louis, Mo.—Jimmy Elliott was born Sept 12th, 1844. Patsy Sheppard, Oct. 19th, 1847.

WAGER.—George Hill. He married Gussie De Forrest about four years ago.

PASSAIC.—C, not having made the trumps, cannot play it alone.

CONNOISSEUR.—We have had the same idea, worked up in a different shape, before.

J. W. L.—Edwin Booth will not play at any theatre in this city until the opening of his own theatre.

SIMON PURE, Quincy.—Joe Murphy is considered the champion.

C. L. F., Albia.—Your ad. will cost you sixty cents each insertion.

MAY, Owego.—1. He still lives. 2. One dollar each insertion

J. C., Hudson City, N. J.—Sullivan was born at Randen, near Cork, Ireland, April 12, 1513. He defeated Vince Hammond, Tom Secor, Prof. Ball and Bob Caunt, and was beaten by Hyer and Morrissey in this country.

J. J. H., Oriskany Falls, N. Y.—The Burdell murder took place in Bond street, N. Y., either late at night on February 1st, or early in the morning of February 2d, 1857.

JOE, Washington.—Large quantities of both are shipped from Bermuda to this city and elsewhere for consumption in this country, and are offered for sale in our markets.

F. L.—Jimmy Johnson sent on the Island recently is not the sparrer of that name.

8TH AND 16TH WARD.—The difficulty to which you allude occurred in the 8th Precinct. The policeman's name was Davis.

STUYVESANT DUYVIL.—Ned Price defeated Australian Kelly in 11 rounds, 32 minutes, at Point Albino, Canada, Oct. 6, 1859.

JOHNNY REB, Baltimore.—Yes, they can sell all such light beverages.

FRIEND, Philadelphia.—Yes, having gone out first in the two legs, he is clear of the game.

W. T. L., Wilmington, Del.—Your offer would receive no attention unless backed up by a deposit.

AMICUS.—If your merits are of a good character you might get such a position.

J. W. H.—1. The money is supposed to be in the hands of the Monument Committee. 2. He married her sister.

WASH, Gloversville.—He played it for W. R. Floyd's benefit at the Winter Garden Theatre on Broadway.

STAGE STRUCK, Wilkesbarre.—1. She was a spy in the Federal army. 2. No. 3. Born in New Orleans, June 10th, 1833.

D. M.—He receives a salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week.

W. C. W., Pavilion.—Ted Croueste is in England, but is expected here shortly.

W. P., Pittsburgh.—Charlotte Crabtree is the correct name of Lotta.

CHARLES, St. Louis.—They are the lady's children, and it is their correct name.

BILLIARDS, Bloomington, Ill.—As the game was not played out the bet is a draw.

OLD TIMES ROCKS.—We cannot give you any information how to train poodle dogs.

GEORGE R., St. Paul, Minn.—We cannot send you that number.

TRAINER.—Jack Goulding's address is 816 Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, L. I.

J. L. S.—We have a correspondent in your city, so that we cannot, at present, make your services available.

A. M. S.—We have not the space to spare for the original, and without that your verses would lose their point.

R. G. McC., Pottsville, Iowa.—We do not—you had better not touch them.

ROCKAWAY.—B having gone $1 blind, and C straddled it with $2, it will cost A $4 to come in; B, $3; and C, $2.

J. Q. A., East Boston.—The two players' hands being of equal value in every respect, they divide the pool between them.

TELEGRAPH, Providence, R. I.—Mr. Bonner gave $30,000 for Dexter.

NEWS AGENT, Philadelphia.—Sixteen points; four for fifteens, two for pair, six for sequences, and four for the flush.

ROCHESTER.—The party you refer to is not a better ballad singer than Dave Wambold.

GEORGE AND DICK, New Bedford, Mass.—Izzy Lazarus died in this city, Sept. 26, 1867.

S. M. L., Lafayette, Ind.—1. With weights. 2. From toe to heel. 3. Yes; write to Andrew Peck & Co., 105 Nassau street, Philadelphia.—Ten years ago he was considered equallyas great as the other party at the present time.

MOSE, Troy.—Joe Pentland is with the New York Circus.

EMILE.—Items acceptable.

T. W. K., Chillicothe, O.—For each insertion $1.05.

E. W. C.—It is occupied at present.

YESMUS, Brenham.—Cannot locate him at present.

ROWLAND C., Nebraska.—We bet not on either or any man.

G. L. C.—At present the position is filled.

LOITERER.—All right. No "stampa" required.

MANY READERS, Utica.—1. Live Oak, of Albany. 2. Hicken.

BAB.—The same to you. Glad to hear from you.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

When the philanthropic Mr. Bergh first broached his idea of a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, the general public, accustomed to the occurrence of a nine days' wonder were tempted to smile at the apparent absurdity of benevolence wasted, as they conceived, upon brute beasts. However, Mr. Bergh, persevering with an industry augmenting as obstacles to his scheme of animal amelioration presented themselves, successively called attention to the more flagrant abuses to which quadrupeds had been habitually subjected, and their continuance effectively repressed, so that the public sight were no longer shocked by the spectacle of needless and constant outrages against natural kindliness.

Yet, while Mr. Bergh and his associates have, doubtlessly, performed many acts of unexceptionable charity towards that section of the animal kingdom especially beneath their protection, it must be admitted that hundreds of cases of indirect cruelty continue tolerated, as well from a lack of suspicion as to the injury inflicted as from the exceptional character of the persons thoughtlessly guilty of the offence. For instance, let any wayfarer amid the busy region of down town observe the method generally observed in giving dray-horses their daily food while attached to the vehicles by them drawn. The meal is deposited in coarse sacks, which are drawn over the eyes of the animals and made fast by thongs running behind the ears. Sometimes these substitutes for mangers rest upon the tails of carts or other temporary supports, but oftentimes they dangle from the head of the beast, who is forced to drive them to the ground in the hope of being able to grasp the coveted food.

Possibly a person unacquainted with the requirements of equine digestion, or with the peculiarities of the horse during progress of mastication, may be tempted to smile at our classification of a thoughtless expedient under the head of cruelty, but none versed in the habits of that useful and peculiar animal—the horse—can fail to notice the annoyances he is compelled to endure to satisfy his appetite when fed in this inconvenient and reprehensible fashion. That he suffers unnecessary torment, if not actual injury, during his dining hour, is plainly manifest from the assaults of noxious insects, or from the effect of the sun's rays, fails, seemingly, to comprehend the physical sufferings caused through persistence in patronizing these vexatious meal bags. We are certain that an official word from Mr. President Bergh would at once effect a needy reformation in this particular, and we are equally assured that a week's trial at humoring the animal in his natural proclivities would convince his owner of the benefits to be derived from allowing the beast to dine in comparative comfort and ease. At all events, we throw out the suggestion as worthy to be acted upon by all concerned. There is another habit with our cartmen which should be materially amended, and that is the persistent practice of mounting to drive a heavily laden cart, to which is attached a beast willing to draw his load, but almost incapable for the task. When due consideration of the unnecessary weight of the driver we add a mathematical calculation as to the increase caused by the position of the man upon the shaft operating as a lever, no man, with the slightest intelligence, but can divine the inutility, if not downright cruelty, of oppressing in this manner an overladen animal. No carter in Europe, even in the narrowest thoroughfares, claims, under any circumstances, the privilege of driving mounted upon his vehicle, which, however, is constructed upon a principle different from that originally designed for the previous light burdens of our trade. Yet, as the emergencies of our local commerce have called into being a more ponderous style of truck and cart, we should not fail to introduce a system of cart driving more in consonance with the requirements of the animal by us used, which is of a much lighter and more fragile type than the European dray horse. We are well aware that it is a work of difficulty to eradicate popular habits, still we must bear in mind that we are in a cosmopolitan community, by whom local prejudices are better esteemed in the breach than in the observance. We cannot leave the subject of Mr. Bergh's semi-reformation without recommending to the Society he has so enthusiastically directed, to alternate its system of punishment with another of rewards. Why not issue premiums for habitual good treatment of useful animals, and in this way stimulate ingenuity to the invention of means whereby the occurrence of maltreatment can be anticipated and avoided? A few dollars, expended with this aim, will be productive of lasting benefit, for there exists no man, with the means of avoiding the meanest cruelty staring him in the face, brazen enough to provoke condemnation by rejection of its employment.

OPENING DAYS—THE WEATHER.

Notwithstanding the wretched weather of the past week, the ballplossers have managed to slip in between the drops of rain and pull off several events. On Tuesday, 14th inst., the Excelsior Club of Brooklyn inaugurated the season by a field day at the Capitoline Ground, Bedford. Flanly, of the Minerals, captained the field side, and although he had a strong force under his command, the Excelsiors were too much for him, as will be seen by the annexed score:

JEWELL'S SIDE.	H. L.	R.	FLANLY'S SIDE.	H. L.	R.
D. Chauncey, 3d b.....	0	4	Flanly, 2d b.....	1	2
C. Chauncey, c. f.....	2	2	Cornwell, s. s.....	1	2
G. Chauncey, c. f.....	1	0	Eddie, 1st b.....	0	1
Booth, p.....	3	2	Henderson, c. f.....	2	1
Hoag, 1st b.....	1	1	Kelly, p.....	1	2
Locking, 1st b.....	2	2	Markham, 3d b.....	2	3
Total.....	18		Total.....		10

INNINGS.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.
Jewell's side.....	7	0	4	3	—14
Flanly's side.....	2	2	2	2	—10

Fly catches—Flanly, 3; Cornwell 3; Jackson, 2; Hall, 2; Benner, 2; Henderson, 1; out on fouls—Jewell's side, 5; Flanly's side, 6. Out on bases—Jewell's side, 3; Flanly's side, 5. Time of game—Fifty minutes.

On Saturday, April 18th, the South Brooklyn Stars, who have lately taken up their quarters at the Capitoline, also had a field-day. Flanly again took command of the fielders, and this time, using more judgment in selecting his men, was successful. It is but just to the Stars, however, to say that but two or three of their first nine were present. The following are the figures:—

FLANLY'S SIDE.	H. L.	R.	STAR.	H. L.	R.
Flanly, 2d b.....	5	2	T. Macdiarmid, 2d b.....	0	0
Cummings, p.....	3	2	Chilton, p.....	0	3
D. Chauncey, c.....	2	3	Gordon, r. f.....	3	1
Hall, c. f.....	0	0	Manly, s. s.....	3	0
G. Chauncey, 3d b.....	0	3	Thomson, c.....	2	0
Steiner, r. f.....	0	3	Cooper, 2d b.....	2	0
Lewis, l. f.....	1	0	Griffiths, l. f.....	2	0
Henderson, 1st b.....	3	1	Wardle, c.....	1	1
Tracey, s. s.....	2	1	Forker, 1st b.....	1	1
Booth, s. s.....	2	1	Flat, r. f.....	1	1
Total.....	23		Total.....		8

Innings	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th
Flanly's Side.....	6	11	2	4—23
Star's Side.....	3	3	0	2—8

Fly-catches—Flanly's side, 17; Stars, 5. Outs on Fouls—Flanly's side, 1; Stars, 4. Home Runs—Hall, 1. Umpire—Mr. Bacon. Time of game—1 hour 45 minutes. Scorer—Mr. Macdiarmid.

The same day, at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, the Active Club commenced the season by a practice game. There was not a very large attendance of the first nine, but the muffs were on hand and entered into the affair with considerable spirit. We give the result below:

MCKIBBON'S SIDE.	H. L.	R.	LYONS' SIDE.	H. L.	R.
McKibbon, 3d b.....	1	3	Lyons, 3d b.....	0	4
T. Kelly, 2d b.....	1	2	W. Kelly, c.....	0	4
Glasson, c. f.....	0	1	Haines, s. s.....	0	3
Orrill, l. f.....	2	0	Clark, p.....	3	2
Crawford, s. s.....	2	1	Dunn, r. f.....	3	1
Bunting, c.....	1	2	Duplaguaz, 2d b.....	2	1
Simmons, p.....	1	1	Marom, c. f.....	2	1
Waldman, r. f.....	0	0	Warren, r. f.....	2	1
Stark, 1st b.....	3	1	Thorp, 1st b.....	2	1
Baker, r. s.....	1	1	Bierman, 1st b.....	1	2
Espe, r. f.....	2	1	W. Brill, r. s.....	1	2
	0	0	Ebbetts, r. f.....	2	1
Total.....	13		Total.....		20

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
McKibbon's side.....	3	2	2	5	1—15
Lyons' side.....	5	1	0	5	9—20

Umpire—Mr. Price, of the Union Club. Scorer—Mr. Hibbard. Time of game—1 hour 20 minutes.

On Monday, 16th inst., the picked nine match—New York vs. Brooklyn—was announced to take place at the Capitoline Grounds, but the rain interfered, and the coming Thursday, 23d inst., has been named as the day. Monday, 20th inst., the Mohawks of Brooklyn and the well known Irvington Club, were to have commenced the season. Jupiter Pluvius stepped in, however, and the ball players stepped out.

THE CRESCENT CLUB

This organization opened the season with a practice game at Camden, N. J., on the 11th inst, the result being as follows:—

FIRST NINE.	H. L.	R.	SECOND NINE.	H. L.	R.
Black, r. f.....	2	3	Vandike, p.....	4	0
Osburne, p.....	3	2	Miller, 1st b.....	4	0
McKibbon, c. f.....	3	2	L. Schank, 2d b.....	1	1
H. Creese, 1st b.....	2	1	Schanks, r. s.....	3	0
D. Dougherty, 2d b.....	1	4	Davis, c.....	2	0
P. Dougherty, l. f.....	0	0	Parker, c. f.....	2	1
M. Creese, s. s.....	4	1	Carnahan, 3d b.....	3	0
Dardis, 3d b.....	2	2	White, r. f.....	1	1
Wheelan, c.....	0	3	McGirr, c.....	2	1
Total.....	17		Total.....	3	0

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
First Nine.....	3	1	4	7	4	2	0—26
Second Nine.....	3	1	4	7	4	2	1— 4

Umpire—James McCartney.

NEW JERSEY STATE ASSOCIATION.

An adjourned meeting of this association was held at the rooms of the Eureka Club, Newark, on Wednesday, April 15th. The object of the meeting was to complete the organization of the State Association by the adoption of the constitution and by-laws. The following new clubs were received into membership:—Long Branch; Union, of Plainfield; McClellan, of Paterson; Unknown, of Elizabeth; Passaic, of Chatham; Newark, of Newark, and Alert of Paterson. Delegates were also present from the Eureka, Irvington, Champion, Americus, Amity, Active, Bergen, Olympic, Princeton and Resolute. The report of the Committee on the constitution and by-laws was accepted, and the result of their labors adopted article by article. The officers of the new association are as follows:—President, E. A. Ward, Eureka Club; Vice President, J. A. Fenning, Princeton Club; Second Vice President, L. G. McKiernan, Olympic Club; Treasurer, J. H. Westervelt, Bergen Club; Recording Secretary, George Warren, Champion Club; Corresponding Secretary, C. G. Hudnut, Princeton Club.

Copies of the constitution and by-laws were ordered to be printed and distributed among the various clubs. It was decided to hold the next meeting of the association at New Brunswick on the second Wednesday in November.

THE MUTUALS AND THEIR CLUB GROUNDS.—Mr. Cammerer, of the Union Ground, emphatically denies the imputation that he was in any way connected with the sale of the lots in the Satellite Ground. At the annual meeting of the club last week the subject came up for action, and was referred to the Board of Officers. We understand that there is a probability of the club at Hoboken. Flanly, Galvin, Sanadel, Cook, Willis and Shriver, all well known players, were elected members of the club at their last meeting.

ALIDA CLUB.—At a regular meeting of this club, held at 221 Ninth avenue on Wednesday evening, April 15th, the following gentlemen were elected to serve three months:—President, John S. Ferris; Vice President, Frank Hart; Treasurer, John Gainar; Secretary, Wm. H. J. Innes; Board of Directors—Ed. W. Ely, M. Fitzgerald and Thos. Balligan; Captain of First nine, Wm. Gainar.

THE MOYAMENSING HOSE COMPANY BALL, which took place at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 13th, was a brilliant success in every respect.

A SONG that should be sung to Mr. Wendell Phillips—"Wen, this cruel war is over."

A STUDENT of the fashions says that the latest *style* on Broadway is a mincing *gait!*

SUPPOSE you hit a man on the head with a billiard cue, is it fair to call it only a cue-tickle? Eh?

"HOW DOTH," ETC.—In the impeachment business Ben Butler seems to be making himself quite a busy B.

BASE BALL.

GRAND PROGRAMME FOR 1868.

Prizes Offered by the New York Clipper.

A GOLD BALL,

FULL REGULATION SIZE AND WEIGHT,

TO BE HELD BY THE CHAMPIONS.

NINE GOLD MEDALS TO VARIOUS PLAYERS.

The great Silver Ball contest of 1861 will probably be remembered by our readers. The trophy was given by the proprietor of the CLIPPER, to be contended for by players picked from the leading clubs of New York and Brooklyn. The grand trial of skill came off on the 28th of October, 1861, at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, in the presence of thousands of spectators. It was a great event in base ball circles, and gave an impetus to the game such as it had never before received.

The Silver Ball contest of 1861 is now a matter of history, but as history repeats itself, so do we propose to repeat our experiment of seven years ago, only on a larger scale and in a more substantial shape. We intend to give a

GOLD BALL,

OF REGULATION WEIGHT AND SIZE,

to be contended for by Clubs aspiring to the Championship.

We also intend to have NINE GOLD MEDALS made after an appropriate design, to be presented to those players who shall, by their play, prove themselves entitled to them.

The CLIPPER, as the leading organ of all legitimate sports, was the first to recognize in the game of base ball a recreation that was destined to be the National Game of America. We fostered the incipient pastime, gave advice to clubs and players, and exerted our wide-spread influence to perpetuate it as a healthy and harmless amusement. We gave exhaustive and detailed reports of the leading contests of each season, which were read far and wide, and our paper was looked upon as the arbiter on all disputed points among clubs and players.

With the sole desire to foster a spirit of emulation among clubs and players during the coming season we offer these prizes. It matters not to us who wins them. In our noble game we know no North, no South, no East, no West. Although the East has been heretofore the great base ball play ground of the country, there is no telling how long it will retain the supremacy The West is making rapid strides, and bids fair to outstrip us in the race for the leading position Since the ending of the war the South has taken a step forward in athletic sports, and base ball flourishes apace. At no period in the history of the game has the same eagerness been displayed by clubs all over the country to make a commencement.

In a week or two we shall enter more into the details of the Gold Ball and Medal contest. We have not decided yet as to the plan we shall adopt in regard to the distribution of the prizes. When we have the plan fully perfected, we will lay it before our readers.

OPENING DAYS—THE WEATHER.

Notwithstanding the wretched weather of the past week, the ballplossers have managed to slip in between the drops of rain and pull off several events. On Tuesday, 14th inst., the Excelsior Club of Brooklyn inaugurated the season by a field day at the Capitoline Ground, Bedford. Flanly, of the Minerals, captained the field side, and although he had a strong force under his command, the Excelsiors were too much for him, as will be seen by the annexed score:

JEWELL'S SIDE.	H. L.	R.	FLANLY'S SIDE.	H. L.	R.
D. Chauncey, 3d b.....	0	4	Flanly, 2d b.....	1	2
C. Chauncey, c. f.....	2	2	Cornwell, s. s.....	1	2
G. Chauncey, c. f.....	1	0	Eddie, 1st b.....	0	1
Booth, p.....	3	2	Henderson, c. f.....	2	1
Hoag, 1st b.....	1	1	Kelly, p.....	1	2
Locking, 1st b.....	2	2	Markham, 3d b.....	2	3
Total.....	18		Total.....		10

INNINGS.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.
Jewell's side.....	7	0	4	3	—14
Flanly's side.....	2	2	2	2	—10

Fly catches—Flanly, 3; Cornwell 3; Jackson, 2; Hall, 2; Benner, 2; Henderson, 1; out on fouls—Jewell's side, 5; Flanly's side, 6. Out on bases—Jewell's side, 3; Flanly's side, 5. Time of game—Fifty minutes.

On Saturday, April 18th, the South Brooklyn Stars, who have lately taken up their quarters at the Capitoline, also had a field-day. Flanly again took command of the fielders, and this time, using more judgment in selecting his men, was successful. It is but just to the Stars, however, to say that but two or three of their first nine were present. The following are the figures:—

FLANLY'S SIDE.	H. L.	R.	STAR.	H. L.	R.
Flanly, 2d b.....	5	2	T. Macdiarmid, 2d b.....	0	0
Cummings, p.....	3	2	Chilton, p.....	0	3
D. Chauncey, c.....	2	3	Gordon, r. f.....	3	1
Hall, c. f.....	0	0	Manly, s. s.....	3	0
G. Chauncey, 3d b.....	0	3	Thomson, c.....	2	0
Steiner, r. f.....	0	3	Cooper, 2d b.....	2	0
Lewis, l. f.....	1	0	Griffiths, l. f.....	2	0
Henderson, 1st b.....	3	1	Wardle, c.....	1	1
Tracey, s. s.....	2	1	Forker, 1st b.....	1	1
Booth, s. s.....	2	1	Flat, r. f.....	1	1
Total.....	23		Total.....		8

Innings	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th
Flanly's Side.....	6	11	2	4—23
Star's Side.....	3	3	0	2—8

Fly-catches—Flanly's side, 17; Stars, 5. Outs on Fouls—Flanly's side, 1; Stars, 4. Home Runs—Hall, 1. Umpire—Mr. Bacon. Time of game—1 hour 45 minutes. Scorer—Mr. Macdiarmid.

The same day, at the Elysian Fields, Hoboken, the Active Club commenced the season by a practice game. There was not a very large attendance of the first nine, but the muffs were on hand and entered into the affair with considerable spirit. We give the result below:

MCKIBBON'S SIDE.	H. L.	R.	LYONS' SIDE.	H. L.	R.
McKibbon, 3d b.....	1	3	Lyons, 3d b.....	0	4
T. Kelly, 2d b.....	1	2	W. Kelly, c.....	0	4
Glasson, c. f.....	0	1	Haines, s. s.....	0	3
Orrill, l. f.....	2	0	Clark, p.....	3	2
Crawford, s. s.....	2	1	Dunn, r. f.....	3	1
Bunting, c.....	1	2	Duplaguaz, 2d b.....	2	1
Simmons, p.....	1	1	Marom, c. f.....	2	1
Waldman, r. f.....	0	0	Warren, r. f.....	2	1
Stark, 1st b.....	3	1	Thorp, 1st b.....	2	1
Baker, r. s.....	1	1	Bierman, 1st b.....	1	2
Espe, r. f.....	2	1	W. Brill, r. s.....	1	2
	0	0	Ebbetts, r. f.....	2	1
Total.....	13		Total.....		20

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th
McKibbon's side.....	3	2	2	5	1—15
Lyons' side.....	5	1	0	5	9—20

Umpire—Mr. Price, of the Union Club. Scorer—Mr. Hibbard. Time of game—1 hour 20 minutes.

On Monday, 16th inst., the picked nine match—New York vs. Brooklyn—was announced to take place at the Capitoline Grounds, but the rain interfered, and the coming Thursday, 23d inst., has been named as the day. Monday, 20th inst., the Mohawks of Brooklyn and the well known Irvington Club, were to have commenced the season. Jupiter Pluvius stepped in, however, and the ball players stepped out.

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This organization opened the season with a practice game at Camden, N. J., on the 11th inst, the result being as follows:—

FIRST NINE.	H. L.	R.	SECOND NINE.	H. L.	R.
Black, r. f.....	2	3	Vandike, p.....	4	0
Osburne, p.....	3	2	Mi

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

APRIL ——Dick Hollywood and Johnny Keating, $5,000 and the feather-weight championship, at catch weight.

MAY ——Barney Aaron and Patsey Sheppard, $5,000, at 120 lbs.

" ——Joe Coburn and Mike McCoole, $10,000 and the championship of America.

JULY 2.—Johnny Blackey and Hank McCotter, $1,000; the former at catch weight and the latter to be confined to 128 lbs.

AUG. 24.—Sam Collyer and Billy Edwards, $2,000, open for more, and the light-weight championship, at 124 lbs.

GEORGE ROOKE'S SPARRING SHOW.

Owing partly to the frequency of such entertainments of late months, and the uninteresting character of the majority of those which have recently been presented, partly to the inclemency of the weather, and partly to other reasons not necessary to allude to, there was a rather meagre gathering of the fraternity at 600 Broadway upon the evening of Thursday, 16th inst., when George Rooke, of Providence, took a benefit. Had it not been for the announcement that Johnny Dwyer would give the wind-up with George, the attendance would have been more limited still but it was expected, from the circumstances connected with their meeting at Coburn's benefit on the 11th inst., that this would be a slashing set-to, and the regulars didn't care to miss the sport. There was a large representation of the Broadway and Houston street division, prominent among the number being Jim Colbert, who had just returned from the Forest City, where he accompanied Patsy Sheppard and Barney Aaron, who didn't go to Philadelphia on Wednesday, as expected. It was long past the accustomed hour for commencing ere Uncle Tovee got to business and started the show with a couple of kids, one of whom had evidently been indulging in a little exercise without the mittens, judging from the appearance of his nasal organ. They worked away on the give and take principle, as though they relished it immensely, although the smaller one got the worst of the bargain. Young Stenson and Murphy followed in a series of bouts which created no end of merriment, owing to the peculiar and ludicrously awkward manœuvres of the lad with the Hibernian cognomen, who will persist in taking a hand in at these affairs. Stenson is quite clever for one of such "tender years," and warmed his opponent after a lively fashion, albeit the latter was ready for more all the time, and wanted just one more chance to "get hunk" when Stenson bowed himself off. Gus Williams, a gay and festive youth, who nightly warbles comically to the amusement and edification of the lads and lassies who frequent Harry Hill's concert room, now mounted the stage, and retiring to the "dressing room" for a few moments, re-appeared, looking like a different person entirely, with his plaid coat and vest of exceedingly loud pattern and sanguinary hue. His appearance created a burst of laughter and remarks which indicated what might be expected to follow. He opened out with a narration of his trials and tribulations experienced in pursuing the course of his true love for Isabel-la, the listeners "joining in the chorus by request," and giving a special emphasis to the italicised syllable. It was received with a torrent of ironical applause, which the singer didn't appear to understand, however, as he quickly re-appeared in response thereto, and inquired in stentorian tones, "Who stole the jackass?" and kept on propounding the query, notwithstanding the endeavors to bluff him off, and the highly irrelevant and decidedly personal remarks of the auditors, until he had finished the "task." The relief afforded by his exit was but momentary, however, as he had evidently laid out his programme, and was resolved to carry it through at all hazards; accordingly he came again, this time with a song in broken English or shattered Dutch, which was better than the two prior essays, though the boys carefully refrained from applauding lest he should come back again. As soon as Gus had "cleared," Tovee again made his welcome appearance, followed by Young Bigley and Glasco, which was anything but an equal match, the latter far excelling his opponent in every particular. They made it pretty warm, however, especially in the wind-up, which was a succession of resounding thwacks from commencement to close. Ben Hogan, the Buffalo boxer, who arrived in the city some days prior and had been literally spoiling for a box with somebody all the evening, now came upon the stage with Billy Edwards, just returned from his Southern trip. The advantage of size and strength was all in favor of the stranger, who was very powerfully built, with broad shoulders, long arms, strong loins, a deep chest, and long, sinewy, muscular arms. The contrast in appearance caused it to look ridiculous when they put up their hands, but Billy, nothing daunted, dashed in with his usual vim, and inaugarating one of those spanking rallies for which he has become famous, but which this time was quickly terminated by a clinch, when Ben's superior strength was manifest, he picking Billy up in his arms like a child. The next bout was pretty much like it, Edwards leading off as before, catching Hogan on the facial promontory, when the latter at once closed. In the next meeting both went to work with a vim, but unluckily while pummelling away at close quarters their heads came together with a crash, and the result was a slight cut over Hogan's left eye, from which the blood spirted freely, dyeing the shirts of each and staining the "bran new and elegant pair of gloves" which Uncle William had provided for the occasion. This appeared to excite Ben's ire, which was increased by the shouts of the crowd, and he went in to go for Edwards in the consequence of which was that two more rounds of a still hotter description followed, both standing up to the rack and taking their gruel unflinchingly. Each was pretty well piped out from the rapid work, but Ben was the first to doff the gloves, looking as though a vast change had come o'er the spirit of his dreams since he stepped upon the boards. Edwards, although overmatched in every other respect, proved himself the cleverest with his hands and certainly astonished the Buffalonian, who seemed the weakest of the twain at the finish. By way of a sandwich, Prof. Morley, the ventriloquist and Punch and Judy operator at Hill's, succeeded in a very clever conversational scene with the venerable Mrs. Partington, rather grotesquely represented. The performance created a deal of merriment, and the Professor—who by the way is the same chap who occupied a sumptuous apartment in the Egyptian Palace along with a "cold corpus" some months ago—was warmly applauded. He was succeeded by a couple of new faces, whose names we failed to catch, about of a size and age, and possessing an equal amount of science, which wasn't anything to brag of, the cove with the white shirt rushing at the other like an infuriated bull and inaugurated a hammer and tongs engagement, which was kept up for three rounds, when both were about at a stand-still and evidently had a *quantum suf* for that night.

The feature of the evening's entertainment now came around in the wind-up between the *beneficiaire* and Dwyer, the latter having accommodatingly come all the way from the outskirts of the City of Churches for the purpose, while Father Tom had introduced the pair and returned Rooke's thanks for patronage and voluntary assistance, the rivals clasped hands and "struck an attitude." Rooke is several inches taller than Johnny, of a slim, lathe-like build, and assumes a very graceful position, keeping both arms close to the body, the right guarding the breast and the left well up and in readiness to shoot out straight at an arrow as soon as an opening presents itself. His movements are easy and elastic, and he is a hard person to whip, as ever saw, he keeps his eyes directed at his antagonist's feet while sparring, which is calculated to disconcert in a measure any one unacquainted with his style. On the other hand, Dwyer, although less in stature, weighs some forty-five pounds or so more than George, is decidedly his superior in point of muscle, and a din't very far from being on a par with Rooke in regard to skill—the greater portion of his extra aviordupois is sheer fat, however, and consequently acts as a hindrance instead of giving him the advantage in a boxing match, interfering, as it does, with his getting out of danger, and winding him after a little lively exertion. He possesses an excellent right hand, which is a first-rate off-set to Rooke's left, and Moore can vouch for the effectiveness of the latter. It is unnecessary to give the rounds in detail; suffice it that it was a much more interesting, as well as exciting, display than their encounter at the Stadt Theatre, lasting five rounds in all, the first, second and fourth ending in warm rallies, the blows rattling like a shower of hail. The third closed with Rooke upon his knees from a blow on the neck from Dwyer's right, and the fifth and last terminated in light exchanges, in obedience to the demands of the audience, as well as their own inclinations, for the bustling character of the previous bouts had weakened them perceptibly. This wound up the show, which didn't disappoint anybody.

SEDDONS AND MYERS MATCHED

THEY AGREE TO FIGHT AT CATCH WEIGHT FOR $500

In order to expedite matters, Jerry Myers, the aspiring novice from the cotton district of the Old Bay State, paid a visit to the Hub of the Universe early last week, and obtained an interview with George Seddons, who had previously forwarded to us an acceptance of the former's challenge. An adjournment was had to a well-known sporting house, where after a brief consultation they agreed to meet in battle array according to the stipulations contained in the subjoined document:—

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into this 15th day of April, 1868, between George Seddons and Jeremiah Myers, who hereby agree to fight a fair stand up fight according to the New Rules of the London Prize Ring, at such weight, by which the said George Seddons and Jeremiah Myers hereby mutually agree to be bound. The said fight shall be for the sum of $500, $250 a side, and shall take place on Thursday, May 7th, 1868, within one or two hundred miles of this place, the loser to forfeit the stakes or battle money to the winning party six days' notice of the place. The men to be in the ring between the hours of six and twelve o'clock A. M., or the man absent to forfeit the battle money. The expense of the ropes and stakes shall be borne equally, shared and share alike. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of Twenty-Five dollars is now deposited. The remaining deposits shall be made as follows:—The second of $150 a side, to be deposited in the hands of the stakeholder at John Lannagan's, Oak street, Lawrence Mass., between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock on Thursday, April 23rd, 1868. The third and last deposit of $125 a side to be made at James Keenan's, 307 North street, Boston, Mass., on the 1st day of May, between the hours of 10 and 12.

JAMES KEENAN. GEORGE SEDDONS.
Witness: FRANK MCALEER. J. MYERS.

THE MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—Slowly the period fixed upon for the second struggle within the orthodox circle between the scientific Roman-nosed gladiator, Joe Coburn, and the massive framed, slow, but powerful Western hero, Mike McCoole, approaches, and the already wide spread intrest manifested by all classes in the engagement augments with the strides of Father Time. Frank McIntyre is working assiduously for the weal of the Gothamite, who goes through his arduous daily routine cheerfully, and in a manner which by its earnestness shows that he is resolved to overlook nothing which can possibly tend to elevate him to his former position of champion, and place him in possession of the magnificent stake dependent upon the issue of the coming conflict. He is now almost down to his fighting weight and his condition reflects much credit upon his mentor. Joe's headquarters, the Harlem Hotel, on 125th street, near 3d avenue, is visited daily by increased numbers since the fine weather commenced, prominent sports gathering there to have a chat with the ex-champion and pass a few hours jovially, and strangers calling to take a look at the eminent man of muscle, and see for themselves the amount of hard work a person has to undergo in order to prepare himself for the wear and tear incidental to a pugilistic meeting. This gathering of celebrities and others naturally improvises plenty of sport, and under such circumstances the time passes quickly and pleasantly to all who give Joseph a call. Occasionally Coburn indulges in glove practice with some of our prominent boxers, and it is a fact worthy of notice that, although exerting himself considerably, he never "breaks sweat," while his opponent puffs like a steam engine and perspires profusely. From the West we have nothing of moment to communicate. McCoole still continues to work diligently at the Abbey Grounds, and is gradually lessening his avoirdupois, though we learn that he is still burdened with considerable superfluous flesh, and is far from being in as fine fix as the New York representative. However, there's plenty of time yet to get into condition, and there's no reason to fear that his confidence in his powers will induce him to incur any needless risks. He has learned by bitter experience the difficulty of the task before him, and won't foolishly throw away any chances to retrieve the laurels he lost in their previous encounter, five years ago. One of the causes which have operated to place the match between Aaron and Sheppard in an unfavorable light in the minds of many has also exercised a similar effect upon this engagement—that of postponing the former battle until the 26th of May. While, in case no alteration at interference was made, this would be beneficial to the public by permitting them to witness both fights during one trip, at a great saving of time, inconvenience and money, in the matter of pecuniary benefit accruing from the sale of tickets for the excursion, etc., and the probability of the authorities putting the "kibosh" on at least the main event, there's no question that it upsets to a great extent their calculations, and materially increases the chances of a battle being prevented by magisterial interference, if the stipulations contained in the articles are carried out to the letter. To obviate this difficulty some persons suggest the propriety of altering the "day of settlement" for the championship struggle, and when such alteration is made, that the date thereof be carefully kept from the knowledge of the general public, in order that every due precaution be made to ensure a successful issue.

ON A VISIT.—Matt Green, the genial and shrewd Chief of Police of the Smoky City, paid a flying visit to the metropolis last week. Matt is an efficient officer and gives the utmost satisfaction by the careful manner in which he discharges the duties of his responsible position.

THE FEATHER WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.
ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT OF THE PRINCIPALS.
THE FIGHT UNAVOIDABLY POSTPONED.

After everything progressing so favorably in the important agreement between Johnny Keating and Dick Hollywood—the several deposits being regularly tabled,—the men got themselves in excellent condition, and all looked so promising for a satisfactory denouement, at the eleventh hour the supremacy of the law is asserted and the calculations and plans of those pecuniarily or otherwise interested incontinently knocked in the head, and from present indications the battle will necessarily be postponed for some days to come, if not broken off altogether. Hollywood and Keating were arrested by the Sheriff of Hamilton County O., on the 17th inst., under the new law prohibiting pugilistic meetings of the character contemplated, and taken before Judge Murdock, who required them to give bail in $10,000 not to fight "in or out of Ohio within one year," and in default were imprisoned. The fact of their being arrested did not occasion any surprise, as it had been expected, and little thought was given to it, no one supposing that it would interfere with the settlement of the question at issue on the day named; but the fact of the bail being placed at such a high figure, and the Judge expressly stating that it would be forfeited if they fought anywhere, astonished everybody, who regarded the action of Judge Murdock as an over-stepping of the provisions of the law, and denounced him in unmeasured terms. A proper interpretation of the law as it stands will show that it gives no authority whatever for interference with parties further than to prevent their fighting within the limits of that commonwealth, but the law is mighty, and there's little use in disputing with those whose duty it is to execute it. At noon on the 18th inst. Holliwood was taken into court and his attorney, R. M. Johnson, moved to have the security reduced from $10,000 to a sum which Hollwood could give. The judge stated that the terms of the law were clear; it was his intention to break up the fight if he could do it lawfully. If he believed it could be prevented by reducing the bail to $500 he would do it. Hollwood here answered the court that he was determined not to fight. The judge said he believed the parties now were honest in their intentions not to fight, but others would, as soon as they were released, get hold of them and persuade them into the encounter. Mr. Johnson said he thought not. The court then reduced the bail bond from $10,000 to $5,000, but as no and was willing to risk that amount, on additional assurance that Hollwood would leave town for New York to-morrow night, it was cut down to $3,000, Johnny Franklin finding the amount for him. As soon as Dick was released he set himself to work to get Keating out of durance, but was informed that the latter would not be set at liberty until Hollwood had returned to New York, a promise said to have been elicited from him when bail was accepted. At last accounts Keating was still incarcerated, and until the amount of bail required is reduced it is probable that he will remain there. We understand that the stakeholder, Mr. Lee, has returned to each man the amount of his deposit, and if the authorities persist in their determination to confiscate the bail should the parties act in opposition to the law as interpreted by Judge Murdock, it is probable that the match will be broken off altogether. However, we think such will not be the case, but that the interference will cause only a few days postponement. A great number of strangers arrived in Cincinnati on the 17th and 18th inst, for the purpose of attending the engagement, and during that afternoon and evening and the day following, the utmost excitement prevailed at the various sporting houses in the city. Many of them took their departure for home on the 19th. Every preparation had been made to bring the affair off when the arrest was made. The steamer Champion had been chartered to convey the crowd to the fighting ground which would have been se ected either in Kentucky or Indiana—probably a well-known pic-nic grove a few miles below Porkopolis on the Kentucky shore—the ring was to be erected in advance and the men to be taken there by private conveyance. That is the state of affairs at present, and no matter what opinion any one may entertain of this description of sport, no person disposed to be just will uphold Judge Murdock in assuming a prerogative which does not belong to him.

THE AARON—SHEPPARD MATCH.—The principals in this five thousand dollar engagement are making preparations to resume the course of training which was summarily stopped by force of circumstance a few days prior to the original fixture for the battle. At last accounts, Patsey was in Cincinnati, O., and it was expected that he would act as one of Hollwood's seconds, after which he would proceed to St. Louis, give an exhibition there, and return to the vicinity of Cleveland, where he will enter upon his preparatory exercises, under the capable and experienced mentorship of the jovial Johnny Mackey. While in Porkopolis last week, Sheppard became involved in a quarrel with Dockney, the ball tosser, and had it not been for the intercession of mutual friends a serious fracas might have occurred. Patsey will do well to obtain a firm hand to govern his temper, or else carefully avoid participating in irritating controversies of this description. It seemed strange that Jack Goulding, his former trainer, did not accompany him to the West, considering that he brought his charge into such admirable fettle before and Patsy spoke so highly of his abilities as a tutor. Barney did not go to Philadelphia last week, as expected, his backers having altered their minds, and concluded to fix his training quarters at the same spot where he took his exercise for his last fight—over in Weehawken—which is a very suitable locality, and being convenient will be all the more to the liking of Barney's friends hereaway. The betting rules at odds of 100 to 70 on Aaron here, which offers Dan Noble don't often allow to go untaken when he's within hearing distance. Barney was to locate himself in his new quarters on the 20th inst., and will as before be under the watchful eyes of Jack Sheffield, whose ability to fill the position has been satisfactorily tested heretofore. Doubts are still entertained of the match being consummated in the twenty-four foot enclosure, but we can perceive no plausible reason for so thinking, and time alone will establish the correctness or falsity of the arguments urged by the disbelieving. The appointing of the time for the day preceding the fixture for the Coburn—McCoole mill was certainly an ill-advised proceeding if Sheppard's backers intended to act in good faith, as it vastly increases the chances of interference by the authorities, and this is the principal cause of the unfavorable opinions expressed by many concerning the affair.

THE LIGHT WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.—The fixture for this event is so far in the future that it has as yet attracted but little attention in sporting circles. Everything in connection with it wears a favorable aspect, however, and no fears are entertained of its terminating other than by a passage with nature's weapons, either through magisterial interference or otherwise. The only thing wanting to render the protocol binding in every respect has been supplied—that of the selection of a stakeholder was attended to immediately upon the arrival of Edwards from Baltimore last week, and the five hundred dollars now up was transferred to the custody of the gentleman chosen to fill that important office, who has officiated in a similar manner with the utmost satisfaction heretofore, and is in every way responsible. Edwards did tolerably well during his trip through Pennsylvania, Maryland and the District of Columbia, and by his quiet, unassuming, gentlemanly deportment, gained for himself many friends. Collyer closed a successful engagement at Tony Pastor's Opera House, in this city, on the 15th inst., and has again started out on the Combination Troupe, and with good management at the enterprise is expected to prove a paying one. The third deposit of two hundred and fifty dollars each, also on the 1st proximo, will also must be staked at this office before four o'clock upon the after noon of that day.

LIVELY SCRIMMAGE AT THE GEM.—After Rooke's exhibition on the evening of the 16th inst., Johnny Drumgoole and "Curley" Thompson, former friends as well as companions in thieving, met by chance the usual hour of assembly, Colbert's hostelrie on Houston street. Now it seems that Johnny saw fit, for certain reasons, to cut Curley's acquaintance, and accordingly when the latter spoke to him "Drum" told him to g) away as he didn't wish to talk to him. This brought on a war of words, which was finally concluded by Johnny letting drive at Curley's knowledge-box, and for a few minutes a lively shake-up took place, the boxer, although the smaller of the twain, getting somewhat the best of it, although friends separated them before much damage was done to either party.

A FATAL PRIZE FIGHT is reported to have occurred in Wales, Eng., recently, on the mountain near Merthyr. The particulars given are, that two men, named Thomas Beynon and Jonathan Muzzy, entered into an engagement to fight for a certain sum, and the fight was fixed for Monday. They accordingly met, and for a space of two hours were engaged in combat, during which time they fought seventy-five rounds. In the seventy-sixth round Beynon struck Muzzy a severe blow, which knocked him down, and he fell heavily on his head, breaking his neck. The injured man was instantly taken up and assistance procurred, but without effect, as he died in the course of a few hours. The other man, Beynon, and six others were soon after taken into custody and committed on a charge of manslaughter.

A LIGHT SENTENCE.—It will be remembered that Daniel Friel, formerly a partner of Johnny Roche's in the oyster business, was shot dead by Jerry Hardigan, at the corner of Pearl and Frankfort streets, on the afternoon of November 5, 1867. The difficulty grew out of a political quarrel, and at the coroner's inquest the jury brought in a verdict that the deceased came to his death at the hands of Hardigan, and found Patrick Hayes and James McCabe aiders and abettors. A few days since the case was brought up for trial, and after the examination of a few witnesses, the evidence given not being deemed sufficient to convict, Hardigan was discharged upon the payment of a fine of *six cents*.

JOHNNY BLACKEY VERSUS HANK MCCOTTER.—The period fixed for staking the second deposit of one hundred and fifty dollars a side in the match between the above light weights is Friday, May 1st, and the money must be in the hands of the temporary stakeholder by four o'clock P. M. on the day mentioned. As a final stakeholder has to be selected then it is desirable that both the principals be present in person, which will make things all the more satisfactory upon both sides. Blackey informs us that he will be on hand to a certainty, and particularly requests that McCotter will make it convenient to attend also.

IN TOWN.—Billy White, who, it will be recollected, beat Mike Carr at Johnson's Springs, Va., in forty-four rounds, occupying thirty-six minutes, November 20th, 1866, and had to strike his colors to Darby Kelly at Savannah, Ga., in November last, owing to an unlucky foul, arrived in the city a few days since, and during the week appeared at Tony Pastor's Opera House in a glovical combat with Sam Collyer. He makes his headquarters at Mike Henry's, Fulton street, Brooklyn.

ON THE TRAMP.—On the strength of the notoriety gained by his match with Billy McLean, Tim Hussey has started on a sparring tour, and was announced to give an exhibition at City Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the night of the 18th inst., conjointly with Pete Heavey.

CHANGED HIS MIND.—Instead of proceeding to Chicago, as was his intention when he left the metropolis, Abe Hicken laid over at Cleveland, where he met a number of old country friends and liked the place so well that he has remained there ever since, and will, in all probability, make the Forest City his home for some time to come. Harry joined him last week.

REARDON IN THE QUAKER CITY.—Patsy Reardon, who we understand can be backed against any man in the country for a couple of thousand a side at from 142lbs. to 146lbs., has been sojourning in the City of Squares for some days, and is announced to give an exhibition at Washington Hall, 8th and Spring Garden, on Thuesday evening, 28th inst. The wind-up will probably be given by Patsy and Tom Kelly.

THE C. I. M. REDIVIVUS.—Charles Collins, better known by the rather inappropriate *sobriquet* of the "Cast Iron Man," has just turned up in the City of Pork, after being lost to sight but not to mem ry dear for some months—ever since he rose to the surface in Rochester, where he added the euphonious handle of professor to his name. He must not be confused with the original "Windy" Collins, who has retired from the ring, and is now engaged in driving a jack plane.

JOHNNY KEATING'S BENEFIT.—This boxing show came off at the 4th Street Theatre, Cincinnati, O., on Tuesday evening, 14th inst., and attracted a fair house. There was singing and dancing by volunteers, and several glove encounters. Collins, the "C. I. M." and Tom Ryan had a lively set-to, in which Ryan had decidedly the best of it. The M. C. announced that Collins was open to fight "any man of his weight in the country, and would not object to a go with Tom Allen." Collins has not created a very favorable impression in Porkopolis. The sensation of the evening was the bout between Keating and Johnny King, and it was a fine exhibition of the science of self defence. Johnny Keating has improved wonderfully since the time he was matched with Nobby Clark, and will give the "Nonpareil" a lively time of it, judging by his display on this occasion.

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AMONG THE SAVED.—The wife of Dan Noble was among the passengers on the ill-fated train which met with such an appalling disaster on the Erie railroad last week, but fortunately escaped uninjured.

A GOOD IDEA.—Billy Donohue, boniface of the Hotel de Irish Over in Wee-haw-ken," has made arrangements for the accommodation of target companies during the coming season, having fitted up a suitable place for shooting and added a capacious dining room, where he will be prepared to provide the choicest bibibles and edibles. Heretofore there have been very few places within a convenient distance of the metropolis affording proper accommodations, and as the O'Donohue is an agreeable host he ought to make a snug thing out of it.

ROUGH ON REDDY.—William Varley, better known as "Reddy the Blacksmith," was arrested a few days since upon a charge of assault and battery, and upon trial was found guilty and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment.

TOM ALLEN WILL FIGHT JIMMY ELLIOTT.—We are in receipt of a communication from Tom Allen, now located in Cleveland, the substance of which is, that as Elliott (since Gallagher has been unable to find backers to pit him against Jimmy) has been proclaiming himself Champion of America, he (Allen) will fight him within six or eight weeks after signing articles, for from $1,000 to $2,000 a side, the fight to take place in Canada. Will Elliott accomodate him?—it would seem a good thing for Jimmy and affords a chance for him to obtain greater distinction than that accruing from any of his previous engagements.

BACK AGAIN.—Jim Colbert, who left the city with Patsy Sheppard for the West, intending to take in the Hollwood and Keating mill during the jaunt, was suddenly called back upon business on the 16th inst. and is at present "at home."

OFF AGAIN.—Billy Edwards was to leave the city for Pottsville, Pa., on the 20th inst., and if possible he intends giving an exhibition there on the night of the 25th inst. We understand that Edwards will shortly start upon a sparring tour through the West in company with Dooney Harris, who will probably be his mentor when he goes into training for his pending championship battle with Sam Collyer.

HARRY SAMPSON, the well-known comic vocalist, is to be tendered a complimentary benefit at Sam Davis' Concert Hall, 412 Grand street, on Thursday evening, 30th inst., when a long array of talent are announced to warble comically and pathetically.

ACCIDENT TO KEHOE.—Sim Kehoe, the man of Clubs and few words, met with a painful accident while making a "leap for life" last week, which will prevent his attending to business for several days.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Rockey Moore, Ed. O'Baldwin, Johnny Walker, Dick Dorney, Billy Edwards, Dr. Irvin, and Sam Collyer.

GOT ANOTHER PLACE.—That well-known match-maker and sporting oracle, the shrewd, evergreen, Toppy Maguire, has obtained a lease of the premises corner of 129th street and Eighth avenue, which he has fitted up in first-class style, and will formally open on Wednesday, 22d inst. The name of the new place is the Cayuga Hotel—a favorite name with Mark—and as the location is surpassed by few in the neighborhood of the metropolis, every regard will be paid to the comfort and pleasure of guests, Toppy ought to do well.

SET-TO BETWEEN COBURN AND FOLEY.—Sparring matches are of frequent occurrence at the Harlem Hotel since the ex-champion established his headquarters there, and those who make it a point to call, while taking an airing on the road, are now and then afforded an exhibition far above the usual standard of excellence. On the 19th inst. Con Foley paid Coburn a visit in company with a number of friends, and during his stay, in obedient to the wishes of those present, as well as his own inclination, donned the padding hags for a go with Sir Joseph. The display was of a character such as few present ever before witnessed and was interlarded with occasional lively rallies, Con well maintaining his reputation as an accomplished boxer but Coburn proving a little too skillful for him. It was a box second in interest only to that between Joe and Heenan a few days prior, and the spectators manifested their appreciation in an unmistakeable manner.

GOT PULLED.—Several of the emissaries of Mr. Bergh's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, made a raid upon Sportsman's Hall, 273 Water street, while a controversy was in progress one night last week, causing a general stampede, during which several of those in attendance were captured, including the facetious proprietor, Kit Burns. Christopher was taken before the court, and upon examination was bound over in $300 to stand trial.

A TREMENDOUS LIFT.—Charles A. Bennet, of California, recently performed the feat of raising above his head a dumb bell weighing 151 lbs. and 13 ounces—this in public, with the right hand only. One thousand two hundred and thirteen persons were present. The month before the time he put it up from nine to twelve times per day, and walked from one end of the hall to the other with it above his head, for about eighty or ninety feet. This he considers the "big lick" of his life.

THE TURF.

THE AMERICAN TURF.

THE TROTTING SEASON ON LONG ISLAND—FIRE AT THE FASHION COURSE STABLES—THE FAMOUS TROTTING MARE, FEARLESS, BURNT TO DEATH—THE NEW ORLEANS SPRING MEETING—THE ENTRIES AT THE SARATOGA SUMMER MEETING.

The weather during the past week has been so stormy and wintry like, that the anticipated inauguration of the trotting season on the Union Course, for Monday, the 13th inst., could not take place. It was, we think, an error of judgment in Mr. Shaw, the proprietor of the track, to fix his opening trots at so early a period, for no less than four out of the six purses to be trotted for on the Union Course are arranged to come off in the present month. The weather has been so unfavorable and besides the public naturally object to turning out to mingle with the unpleasantness of the weather, and there is little doubt that even if the trots had come off on the days announced, there would have been few, if any, beyond the regular trotting *habitues* present to witness them. With better judgment, the proprietor of the Fashion Course fixed his opening trot for Thursday, the 23d, a day quite early enough this season for the horses engaged and the lovers of trotting. The purse on the Union Course for the 13th inst. was for road horses to wagons, and had the entries, viz: W. Lovell's br. m. Lady Wells; F. J. Nodine's br. m. ——; and H. Howe's sp. g. Giraffe. The stormy, unfavorable day, of course, rendered its postponement necessary. The following Thursday, the 16th inst., a similar purse, to wagons for the same class of horses, with five entries, was to be trotted for, but another postponement was indispensable on account of the heavy rain storm. The proprietor announced it for next day, notwithstanding the track is a fetlock deep in mud, but of the five horses entered, only one, Nodine's brown gelding, put in appearance; that trainer, when he discovered that none of the others were on hand, bringing his horse on the track, and walking over for the purse. The proprietor had consequently to hand over to Nodine $50, or half the purse, without a trot.

On Monday, 13th, about noon, a fire broke out in the stables at the Fashion Course, which resulted in the death of one of the most promising trotters on the turf, the bay mare Fearless, belonging to Mr. Fred. Pense, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and trained by James Dugery. She had just been fed, and the man who took care of her lit his pipe, and locking the door, left her. Mr. Chambers, the proprietor of the track, was ploughing with his men at the far side of the course, when they saw smoke issuing out of the roof of the stable. Hurrying across to the stable they by great exertion and throwing water on the flames got the fire under. The stable was not much burnt, but the famous little mare Fearless was dead, having been suffocated by the smoke from the burning straw. There is little doubt the fire was caused by the man in charge of her dropping a lighted match in the straw after lighting his pipe. Thus by gross carelessness a very valuable mare has been destroyed, for last year her owner refused $16,000 for her. In appearance she much resembled Flora Temple, as well as in her style of going. She was engaged in the $1,000 purse, two mile heats, in harness, on this course, along with Stonewall Jackson, General Butler, Lady Thorn, Ed. Ellis and Atlanta; and the $750, mile heats, in harness, for horses that never beat 2:25 in harness, in which Lucy, Stonewall Jackson, Gen. Butler and Atlanta were also engaged. Her loss is a very severe one to her owner, as she promised to make one of the fastest trotters on the turf.

THE SARATOGA SUMMER MEETING.

The entries for the Saratoga Cup of $1,000, added to a sweepstakes of $50 each, play or pay, two miles and a quarter for all ages, to be run for at the August meeting, have just closed. There are twenty horses, the flower of the American turf, entered, viz:—The Anniewood Stable (Messrs. Hunter, Travers and Belmont) have entered Exile and Dickent; the Jerome Park Stable (Messrs. Jerome, Forbes, Bathgate, Constable and Skiddy) Kentucky and York; McConnell and Harness, Gen. Duke; Mr. Morris, Relentless (sister to Ruthless), Onward, and Fanny Ludlow; Col. McDaniel, Red Dick, Morrissey and Sarah B; Mr. Sanford, Hotspur (brother to Asteroid), Lancaster, and La Polka; Mr. Carter, Steppingstone; Mr. Eckerson, Metairie; D. Swigert, Spinola; Mr. Fennock, James and Kennedy; Capt. M——, Fanny Pittsburgh, Pa., on the night of the 18th inst., conjointly with Pete Heavey.

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TOM ALLEN WILL F

WHAT I WOULD BE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

If I had to be a bird
I wouldn't be a lark,
They have to rise so early,
And go to bed at dark:
I wouldn't be an eagle,
The king of birds, (so called,)
I wouldn't be his Majesty,
For fear I might be bald.

I wouldn't be a sparrow—
It wouldn't be much fun
To have the noble sportsman
Come round with dog and gun:
Nor yet would be a chicken,
'Cos when the mortal coil
Was shuffled off, my quiet life
Might finish in a broil.

But if I had to be a bird,
I'd be one that was "fly"—
I'd be a gay canary—
And I will tell you why:
Because you're treated handsome,
And if you only sings,
Gets cuttlefish and chickweed
And lots of bully things.

And to some charming creature
You can breathe your love in song,
And warble out your roundelays
Right to her sweet and strong:
She'll call you all the prettiest names—
You'll live in her *boudoir!*
Now, if you had to be a bird,
Aint this worth living for?

J. H. R.

THE WHITE HAND;

OR,

THE JEWELED SNAKE.

PART THE THIRD.

THE LEFT HAND DRAWER.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHECK BOOK.

"Methinks in yonder shadow danger lurks.
Have a care, Rolla!" "Have no fear;
I'll tread as though on glass."

Ephraim Diggs' place of business was in a deadly-lively street in the neighborhood of the Strand. He had an office on a second floor, a clerk on a high stool, and his own name on a brass door plate. When he spoke of this office—for he had a private house in one of the suburbs, to which he retired of a night—he called it simply his place of business; but he did not say what sort of business it was; and indeed it was difficult to tell. There were a lot of wine bottles; so he might have been in the wine trade. There were several dingy old pictures; so he might have been in the picture trade. There were also books, a lady's side saddle, two or three old hats, a box of surgical instruments, and an aquarium; so he might have been in the general way. Perhaps he was.

Some people said he lent money, but if you asked him he invariably said that he had no money to lend. His clerk was often seen hanging about the purlieus of Chancery lane, clutching in his left hand a shabby blue bag; so that he might have been just a little in the legal way, only the bag had seldom any legal documents in it. Once, when some one looked, it contained pigeons.

What was his business? That there was something mysterious about it was very certain; and this was indicated at the outset by the single word "Inquiries" painted in large white capitals upon the centre of a black door. Persons pausing for breath upon Mr. Diggs' landing asked themselves what the inquiries were likely to be about, and went up stairs or down, as the case might be, without arriving at any conclusion.

Had the curious upon this subject, however, taken the trouble to study the newspapers, they might have gained some clue to the secret in certain advertisements in the "agony column." Here very frequently were to be seen notices of beautiful young ladies who were missing, and aged gentlemen who were nowhere to be found. Occasionally, also, stolen property had been traced, and was lying at a certain address waiting for its owner.

In all cases the address was the same, and it was Mr. Ephraim Diggs' place of business to which you were referred. The fact was, then, among other trades Mr Diggs kept a private inquiry office—that is to say, he might be hired by those who had occasion for his services to prosecute the most delicate investigations and get up cases for the Divorce Court, or for any other legal tribunal.

In so doing he had not got a soul above a keyhole, and he could, upon emergency, find agents willing to crawl up chimneys, creep like cats upon the housetops, brave wind and rain and cold, and take a sound thrashing now and then without a murmur. Members of the regular police were inclined to look upon Mr. Diggs as an impostor, and to stigmatise his business as "gammon." Perhaps they were right—or envious.

One hot, sleepy afternoon Miss Featherstone ascended the stairs leading to Mr. Diggs' office, and knocked with her knuckles at the door. After a good long pause she knocked again much louder, and then a pasty-faced, red-haired boy responded to the summons, and blinked at her like a rat awakened from his slumbers.

"What d'ye want?"

The lady sank her voice very low, and asked:—

"Is any one in?"

"No, ma'am."

"Do you expect Mr. Diggs?"

"Not just yet, ma'am."

"How long will he be?"

"An hour, perhaps."

"I'll wait."

He screwed up his courage with a great effort, and came nearer.

"What are you afraid of? I'm not going to hurt you."

He did not seem too sure of this, but he came a little nearer. Miss Featherstone contemplated his ugly face with great attention.

"I suppose you're very comfortable here?" said she.

"Ye-es, ma'am."

"And Mr. Diggs is very kind to you, I'm sure?"

"O yes, ma'am."

"I'm glad of that. Can you tell a lie?"

The red-haired youth looked at her slyly

"What sort o' one, ma'am?"

"Any sort, I suppose. You have to tell one now and then in the way of business, I suppose, haven't you?"

"A poor boy that's got his living to earn mustn't be too particular, ma'am. I'm sure I try to do what's right, I do," and he began whining again.

"I don't want any of that," she said; "do you get much wages here?"

"Not much, ma'am."

"I suppose, now, you never had as much as that, did you?"

She opened her purse as she spoke, and showed three or four bright golden pieces.

"O, my!" he cried, opening his eyes very widely, and with an expression of the most intense eagerness; "what a heap of money!"

"Pretty well," she said, making the money chink as she turned it over.

"I never had a half on it," he continued; "I never had no more nor five bob at a time, except when I gets my wages, and then the old woman collars half of it right off."

"What old woman?"

"My mother, ma'am."

"What good would the money be to you if you got it?"

"What good, ma'am? O, lots of good. I could do a heap of things, I guess, if I'd half that much."

"Pursue a good and virtuous course, and there is no knowing what you mayn't come to, if you live long enough," said the lady, with a slightly satirical smile, and put the purse away in her pocket as she spoke, then turned upon her heel.

But this close of the conversation was of a very unsatisfactory character, it appeared, as far as the red-haired young gentleman was concerned. He pulled a prodigiously long face, and followed her movements with wistful eyes.

"I beg parding, ma'am," he ventured on at last.

"Well, what?"

"O, nothing, ma'am, I thought, though—I thought from what you said——"

"Well?"

"I thought you was going to give me——"

"Give you what?"

"Give me—that is, tell me what a cove might do to earn some money."

She stared at him in astonishment.

"How can I tell you?" she asked; "why should I? I do not feel any interest in you, my worthy creature, not the slightest. There, go away. Kill some more flies if you like. Don't bother—I'm tired of you."

The red-haired boy slunk away abashed, and as he peered after her under his bectling brows he mumbled to himself:—

"She's a rum un, she is! There's no knowing how to have her, and I was a thinking she was going to give me some of them shiners."

It certainly seemed as though such had been her intention, unless she had only shown him the money for the purpose of amusing herself by the sight of his disappointment when he found out that he was not going to have any of it. Returning to Mr. Diggs' sanctum, she once more endeavored to while away the time by re-examining the scattered papers on the table. Diving deeper this time, she came upon a prize she was far from expecting.

This was an oblong book in a pasteboard cover, containing a number of printed forms with blanks to be filled up in writing—a check-book, in fact, from which several pages had been torn, and from which one might be torn now and not easily missed. Miss Featherstone stood for full a couple of minutes contemplating the newly-found prize, and wondering whether it was a prize after all. Then suddenly, with a start, she glanced towards the room where she had left the boy.

Was he watching her? He was advancing on tip-toe several steps, and peered cautiously through the crevice of the door.

No. He was standing with his back to her, playing at the window, probably having resumed his barbarous amusements. She opened her purse when she saw this, selected one of the brightest of the gold coins which it contained, and holding it in her hand, advanced towards her young companion. He turned as she came forward, and his eyes lighted up at the sight of the money.

"Do you know what this is?"

"A half sovereign, ma'am."

"Yes; what would you do to earn it?"

"Most anythink."

"I don't want you to do much. Has your master a key of the door? does he let himself in?"

"Sometimes he do."

"Well, as he has been so long, I fancy perhaps he may come back with a gentleman I don't want to see. What I wish you to do is, just to go down to the door and keep a look out. If you see him coming, run up to me directly."

The boy looked at her queerly out of the corner of his little twinkling eyes. He evidently suspected her of something, but did not exactly know what. He glanced towards the other room, and seemed to be asking himself what mischief she would be at if left there by herself; and then he appeared to decide there would be no harm in leaving her, for he knew very well that the litter on the table was got up only for effect, and that there was nothing valuable anywhere but in a small iron safe, which it was not to be supposed she could easily gain access to. Of course he was not aware that Mr. Diggs had left out his check book. After a momentary hesitation, therefore, the boy took his departure, and the lady stood listening to the sound of his retreating footsteps.

"That will do," she said; "now for a look at the book."

The reason she had thus got rid of the boy may not at first be apparent to the reader, but it was this:—she was not at all too sure that the young gentleman, although he had his back turned towards her, was not somehow spying her movements. At any rate, it was very certain that if he caught sight of the check book all was over.

She had, however, slipped it away again under the papers, when she came out to speak to the boy; and now he was gone, and the coast was clear for operations. You see, if all that had to be done was just to snatch a page out of the book, the operation would not have occupied much time, but she fancied that there were difficulties in the way of her so doing. [illegible] was also quite sure that he had left the book lying about, he was pretty certain to have a good look at it to ascertain whether it had been meddled with. Great care must then be taken, or the fraud would be instantly discovered. This had been her thought when first she took the check book in her hand, and now when she came to look at it again, she saw that there would be even more trouble about the matter than she had at first supposed.

"I've got a minute or two, I suppose. I'll sit down to it."

But first of all, to make things doubly sure, suppose she were to slip the bolt in the door, and thus guard against surprise? There was no saying whether the red-haired one might not slyly creep back, and pop in upon her. With this idea in her mind, she went to the door and slipped the bolt into its socket. Then, with a fast-palpitating heart, she stood for an instant listening. There was no sound upon the staircase. No sound in the house except a faint creaking in the room she had just left.

She started violently as she turned her white face towards the open door, and the sound ceased. It must have been the mice behind the wainscoat, she fancied, and with a faint smile at her own fears she returned to her work. The open check book lay upon the table. She took it up and fluttered the leaves through her fingers, and as she did so their rustle seemed like sweet music to her ears. Then seating herself, she bent down to her work, and began very carefully and cautiously to tear away a page.

The house in which Mr. Diggs had his office was one of the old fashioned Queen Anne style, with narrow windows, full of dim green tinted glass, which were thickly enerusted with dust. The consequence was, that even at noon Mr. Diggs' private office was so dimly lighted that it was some time before a stranger, coming in out of the street, could distinguish the outline of the objects it contained.

She had now been waiting for Mr. Diggs' return more than two hours, and the twilight was beginning to gather in the street without. The corners of the room, therefore, were in the deepest shadow, and it would have been almost impossible to pierce the obscurity which enveloped the more distant ones. But she paid no heed to this circumstance. It was light enough at the table, which was not situated very far from the window, to see what she wanted, and her long lithe fingers were already busy at their work.

But suddenly, when she had half torn out the page, something unseen, unheard, unfelt—some secret influence she could not account for or contend against—made her spasmodically clutch the paper and turn round with a half uttered cry to see what was behind her.

At that moment a hand was laid upon her wrist, and a white head with grimly hair seemed to come out upon her from the pitchy darkness of the background.

CHAPTER IX.

A PROMISING YOUNG LADY.

"Just as I was long years ago,
I am not changed; nor shall I change,
Unless you will it so."

In half the time that it requires to put the same in words, Miss Featherstone understood two things. The first was that it was Diggs who stood before her. The second, that no end would be gained by endeavoring to hide the act she was perpetrating when he so suddenly pounced upon her.

For a moment she was struck speechless with terror at his unexpected appearance, and while she stood [illegible] and motionless, he gently took the book and the [illegible] from her hand and put them away into his pocket. As he did so, a sardonical smile passed across his wicked old face, and he gave vent to a low, mawkish chuckle.

"With all your cunning, Esther," he said, "I always thought you had your weak moments."

She made no answer, but scowled at him blackly. Perhaps in her heart of hearts she was too delighted to think that he meant to take things thus quietly to care to excuse herself. She took a seat and impatiently tapped her hand upon the table. Mr. Diggs lighted the gas.

"How did you get in here?" she asked in a savage tone. "I thought you were a ghost at first."

The old man chuckled.

"I have my little tricks—the tricks of trade, that's all. And I have to use 'em sometimes—this time, for instance.

He put on his spectacles as he spoke, and very carefully examined the mutilated check-book, then replaced it in his pocket, much relieved to find that no other pages had been torn out besides the one he had obtained possession of.

"It's easy enough," he said presently. "A secret door I had made, that I pop in and out of when occasion requires."

This was not exactly the truth. The house was, as has been said, an old-fashioned one, and it was a rambling building of much larger dimensions than anybody at first sight would have supposed. There were two entrances to it; one in one street, one in another, and the room which Mr. Diggs used as his private office having once been a sort of corridor or antechamber, had two doors leading into it; and was to be reached from either street.

The same motive that had prompted the dummy boxes and the artistic litter on the table led Mr. Diggs to make a sort of secret door, by fixing in front of it a narrow bookcase which swung to and fro as he went in and out. It was on this account that Miss Featherstone had not noticed the door's existence when inspecting the room.

"As if you weren't certain to be caught," continued Mr. Diggs. "As if you could hope to cheat me that way."

"What do you mean?"

"Come, come, you know a great deal better than I do what you were about with this check book. You couldn't have meant much good by tearing this page out."

"Well, what is there in that?"

"What is there in it? D—— me, there's felony in it, for one thing. If I were to give you in charge—if I were to call in a policeman——"

"I suppose you could give me into custody, Diggs, if you thought fit," she retorted; "but I'm not afraid I should be done much to in spite of that. You've got back all I took and you would have to make your case good."

"I could do that without much trouble."

"I should hardly have thought you liked the inside of a police court well enough to care about going into one on such an errand; against me, too. At least you didn't in the old time, I fancy."

"Ah, things have changed since the old time."

"A good deal changed with me, Mr. Diggs, I thank Heaven. I am not the little wretched, ragged outcast you taught to thieve."

"I taught? come, I like that. You knew more than I could teach you, my lady, when I first clapped my eyes on you. You were a pretty chuck, you were. A gold-n-haired, baby-faced, double-dealing imp of darkness. Taught you, eh! you were one too many for my little school, you were."

"You taught me first what was meant by the inside of a jail. It was your evidence I went to prison on."

"And whose fault was that?"

"Whose? Yours, of course."

"That's just the unreasonable sort of way women talk. I always was your friend, Esther; you ought to know that. But you never would take my advice, you wouldn't; if you had, you'd never have picked up with that infernal scoundrel, Jack Deverel. I wish I'd got the strangling of him this moment."

There was a long pause here. Miss Featherstone by this time had recovered her self possession entirely. She saw that the old man did not intend to resort to any harsh measures.

"When did you see him last?" she asked in a low tone.

"Quite lately; a few days ago, not more. He's swelling it in the old style, but has shaved his whiskers off, and looks much younger than he used to do. I saw him talking to a genteelly dressed boy, and so I suppose he's on to the old game—teaching the young idea, e'ucating thieves. It's what he always lived at since I've known him; always did, I daresay."

"He hasn't. He was a gentleman once; a real gentleman."

"Ah, I dare say," said the old man, with a sneering laugh. "You were always rather fond of him, you know, worse luck for you. But you've got a queer taste. Our mutual friend, the Savage, now; there was a pretty lady's pet for you."

"He's out of the way, at any rate."

"Yes, I must say that for you; you do your best to get rid of them. Still, it was only good luck that did it. You gave the ruffian up to the police—so far so good. Then he broke out of prison—that was not so satisfactory. They caught him again—that was better. They transported him—that was better still. He broke loose again—that was worse than ever. He broke his leg in so doing, and died in a ditch, or a bog, or a dismal swamp—it doesn't signify much to us which it was; but he died, and that was a good job, any way."

"He is dead, and that's sufficient."

"How many others you've had and got rid of I can't say; let's hope they are as effectually removed. It's not that I've got to talk about, however; what I want to know is, what has brought you here? You didn't come to steal the leaves out of my check book, I suppose? Why did you come? for it's a long while since I had the pleasure of seeing you."

"You wonder, perhaps, how I came to know your address. However, you have not changed your name."

"Why should I? I'm not ashamed of it. It might be a few syllables longer; but there's a ring in it in conjunction with the Ephraim which does not seem to me altogether displeasing."

"The last time we met you were not living in quite so good a neighborhood, you may remember; and I should hardly have believed that the Mr. Diggs I used to know was the same, if I had not happened to catch sight of your face the other day at Fulham."

"Fulham!"

"At the house of a friend of mine, where they acted rather rudely to you."

Mr. Diggs' brows contracted with a ferocious expression.

"At the Warringtons'?" he said. "I haven't settled with that fellow yet."

"I hope not; I should be glad to wipe off an old score with him myself."

"What is the cause of complaint?"

"Not much, I suppose. I was a drudge, a servant, a housekeeper, if you like, to his mother, and it pleased this curly-headed fool to be very distant and supercilious with me, and always to keep me well in my place. I wish him no particular ill will; I should like him to find his level, that's all. I would gladly help him down words if I saw the opportunity."

"We'll do that in due course, I've no doubt. It was very strange, though, that you should have happened to be mixed up with this family, and that I should have known them too. Furthermore, as well as I can understand, this servant of theirs who robbed them some time ago was also an old acquaintance of mine."

"You lost nothing by the robbery, I believe?"

"Not I. Some simple old seafaring fool paid me what young Warrington owed me. I was right enough."

"And you made a good bargain?"

"Pretty well, all things considered, so far."

"The kicking you got taken into account also."

Mr. Diggs made no reply. This kicking was evidently a sore point with him. Miss Featherstone continued:—

"If you take my advice, though you made a good thing of it, you may make a better thing with my help."

"How so?"

"The thousand pounds that were stolen were in notes."

"Yes, I'm aware of that; the numbers have been advertised in all the newspapers."

"To be sure. That does not make them worth much less money, though, in the right market."

Mr. Diggs' eyes twinkled.

"Such big notes ain't easily managed in any market. They have to be sent so far off, it comes expensive."

"How much will you give for the thousand pounds' worth—come?"

"How much will *I* give? What do you mean, my dear madam? Do you know whom you are talking to?"

"Perfectly. How much?"

"You talk to me as if I were a receiver of stolen goods."

"I speak to you as a person who wants to sell some notes, and I expect you to buy them—fine."

"I might have done such a thing once upon a time, a very long while ago, but I've put up the shutters on that business."

"You'll buy my notes, at any rate?"

"I've no money to spare."

"It's a wasted journey, then. Good day to you."

"No, stop a moment. You're not in such a hurry as all that comes to. Have you the notes with you? Let me look at them; I might afford to take one or two."

"You'll either buy the lot or none."

"It would be ruin. Besides, you'd want so much. A hundred pounds, I dare day."

"A hundred fiddlesticks. Do you suppose you're going to have a thousand pounds' worth of notes for a hundred pounds?"

"How you talk! A thousand pounds' worth? They're not worth a tenth of the sum. I was making you a magnificent offer only because I always had a liking for you. I don't know how long I shouldn't have to be out of my money, and then, most likely, not get it."

"A fifty pound note is any day of the week worth thirty-five pounds."

"O, if that's the nonsense you're going to talk, there's an end of the business."

Then the old man rose up, and by expressive pantomime seemed to signify that he had washed his hands of the affair altogether. Then Miss Featherstone made as though she were about to take her leave.

"I'm sorry I've wasted so much time," she said.

"I'm sorry you have; I should have liked to deal with you if I could."

"There's no dealing on such terms."

"I'd rather lose money than that you should go to another shop."

"Why let me go?"

"Because I can't afford to pay such a price. Tell me now, in one word, what's the least you'll take?"

"Seven hundred."

"Four, and it's a bargain."

"Seven."

A couple of hours later Miss Featherstone and Mr. Diggs were dining together at a West-end hotel. They had reached the dessert. Mr. Diggs filled a couple of champagne glasses, and, holding his against the light, watched the bubbles floating upwards with a tranquil smile. The lady said:—

"You told me that you had something to talk about. A plan to propose."

"Exactly. Dinner over, we can go into the matter, with your permission, fully."

"If you please."

"Six hundred and fifty pounds, though a large sum, will not last for ever."

"Certainly not."

"You'll be economies, you tell me, have enabled you to scrape together a hundred or two more; say in all, for the sake of argument, that you have a thousand pounds put away in some quiet corner. A nice provision for a rainy day, but not enough to live on all your life. Now what will you do with your thousand—say a thousand for the sake of saying something—what will you do with it? I will tell you."

"Yes, you might as well."

"An ordinary sort of woman would stick it into a bank, and try and live on the interest. What would be the result? She'd simply starve on it, nothing more. But you are not an ordinary woman. You, on the contrary, would rather risk a little where there is a chance of a large gain. You'll invest your capital in a little speculation."

"Shall I? I'm not too certain of that."

"I am certain you will do what I say when you know the particulars. Now you fancy, perhaps, when I say a speculation, I mean that I am going to propose the purchase of shares in a tin mine or a patent lucifer match manufactory. Nothing of the sort. The speculation I should suggest is of a matrimonial character."

Miss Featherstone drank up her champagne and laughed.

"This sounds interesting."

"It is much more so when you learn some further details. Before going into the matter, however, it must be clearly understood that I am to benefit by the business if all goes well."

"And if all goes well what may I gain?"

"Thirty thousand pounds."

"Thirty thousand pounds! You're joking."

"I'm perfectly serious."

"Give me some of the details, then, that you spoke of."

"With pleasure. I'm not afraid of that."

"How do you mean not afraid?"

"You could not act without my help; that's what I mean to say."

"Otherwise you would not—a—trust me?"

"Not a whit, my dear. I have the greatest respect for you, as you know, but I can't disguise the fact to myself that you're a devil. You'll allow as much yourself."

"I'll allow nothing. I mean fair if you mean fair. Let me have the handling of this thirty thousand, and I won't be ungenerous."

"My love, I'll take good care you don't. You'll earn the money easy, but you must pay for it."

"I promise I will if it really is easy. No tricks to run?"

"Nothing to speak of."

"No law-breaking?"

"Nothing but little laws, at any rate."

"Bigamy, you mean?"

"How do I know your private affairs? The Savage is out of the way, at any rate."

"I'll run what risks there are."

"I thought you would. You always were a gal of spirit."

"And now for the details."

Mr. Diggs rose, and walking gently to the door, peeped out upon the landing. Satisfied with the state of affairs in this direction, he returned to his seat again, sank his voice almost to a whisper, and began his tale.

TO BE CONTINUED.

GAY GAMBLERS IN PARIS.—Cheating at cards is now one of the commonest incidents of Parisian existence; among the *grande monde* and *demi monde*, aristocrats and *bourgeois boursiers*,) and petty tradesmen, Greeks are to be found. Since official gambling was abolished, all bonds have been broken, and every one is traveling by *grand relaxie* toward a universal lottery. And no wonder! Deprived of freedom of speech, of the right of meeting, and of the liberty of the press, there is only one liberty left to Frenchmen—that of play. Even this is threatened; every now and then we are told that a decree is in preparation which will forbid games of chance in the *cercles*; but days, months and years, roll on, and play still holds its own, apparently too strong even for Napoleon Postiche. Formerly when a man gambled he only lost his money; but now, since he can play at the *cercles* on credit, he loses all his expectations and his future heritage, not to mention such paltry things as conscience and honor. The whole world of play, too, is entirely changed; in place of the few hells which have been suppressed, Paris contains hundreds of private gambling houses; and instead of a banker overlooked by the police, there are *Grecks* who can produce the king at *carte* as often as they please. When there were licensed gaming houses, people went into them *en passant*, just as they drop into a *café*, now they go regularly, and almost turn the hells into dwellings.—*Echoes from the Clubs.*

THE SKEES IN TEXAS.—In the village of Henderson I was introduced to a buxom school girl of 14 years, who possessed the following name: Dionysia Boadicea Jeffalinda Jacobina Christiana Buckiana Caledonia Susannah Emily Wyatt Wilkinson Moore Wynne. This young lady is a cousin of a young man of that village who, in the short span of his life of 22, has done and suffered the following things: He has had over a hundred personal encounters; has shot mortally, three men; not mortally, eight; is now resting under seven bail bonds; has been through the war from the beginning; married, buried an infant daughter, and separated from his wife, who is now going to school; and is now living on his father's substance, in possession of a pair of fine boots, a spavined horse, a Mexican saddle, a silver watch, three revolvers and a Derringer, and $1 in specie. All this he told me himself, with much apparent satisfaction. He expects to attend the Waco races, but does not expect to lay heavy wagers.

AN ANCIENT M. D.—The oldest doctor in the world, Professor F. Verdugo, Salamanca, Spain, died lately, aged 105 years. He had practised medicine 80 years.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 1. Niblo's Garden.

Out of the immense multitudes nightly streaming along the passage-way leading to one of our most popular spectacular dramas, over which in blazing gas jets fitfully gleams the simple phrase, "Niblo's," how many can call to mind the interesting origin of that place of amusement, which for over three decades has gladdened the sight-seeker's heart with a constant succession of marvellous novelties. Possibly there may be a few dozen remembering, in a dream-like vision, the enthusiastic glories of the Ravel carnival, as the annual recurrence of Italian pantomime summoned joyous troupes to witness, beneath Niblo's wooden roof, the grotesque drollery of clown and pantaloon. Perchance half a score may, by dint of effort, run their memories back to the palmy days of English vaudeville and foreign song, when Niblo's saloon flourished alternately a miniature playhouse and a concert hall. But then, again, I may almost venture my life that not more than one of all the throng, allured by Niblo's magic name can conjure to recollection the most brilliant, gladsome and fleeting moments of this world-renowned caterer's career, when Niblo, in *propriæ personæ*, was an actual manager and "Niblo's" a real, *bona fide* flower-bearing garden, the suburban retreat of melody, mirth and song. It is with a real and, I may add, egotistical pleasure, that a man, who has been tossed about by the buffets of tempestuous years, can preserve the ability and keen satisfaction of treasuring up memory of places and of faces denied to the more favored mortals, who have tumbled into our midst full-blown into prosperity, aliens to the hopes and joys, the sorrows and afflictions of this cosmopolitan metropolis. Indeed, I may say, that by far the dearest pride of one, who like me flatters himself upon being a man about town, and in that town he was to the "manner born," is to indulge in these reveries of an indistinct, by-gone day, connecting the passing generation with the still augmenting population, trampling down in their industrial path the few memorials of our former scenes of mirth and folly. William Niblo, the sponsor in baptism and in possession of "Niblo's," still exists in a living mood, a survivor of his professional fame; an active little man, with his keen, shrewd, money-making eyes obscured behind golden framed spectacles, a mere cypher of a notability swallowed up amid the more popular swarm of celebrities, who have thrice emerged from seclusion since Niblo's name has grown to be a household word with patrons of the drama's scene. Still a dapper gentleman, instinctively given to a love of horseflesh, an expiring flash of the ruling passion, yet not the bustling, energetic turfman of an olden time, when Whalebone trod the course and Lady Clifden ruled the turf. Niblo has retired to the shades of private life, a Nestor among our obscure great, who, unlike politicians, statesmen and divines, write for themselves mute obituaries upon walls of brick and stone. But what matters the living man to the irreflective masses, while the creation of his entertaining brain dwells among them, a monument more durable than breath? 'T was to a singular fancy—scarcely to be realized by the business men of this day—that we owe the inception of Niblo's establishment, which, from a rudely shaped commencement—ostentatious, it is true, from its very enunciation—gradually expanded in dignity, as the augmenting requirements of the public taste were courted and supplied, from a suburban concert hall to a vaudeville saloon, from a saloon to a museum, theatre, and from this last to a prominent dramatic temple, adequate for indiscriminate representations, tragic, operatic and spectacular. Niblo's, born in advance of progressive culture, has advanced stealthily and energetically, increasing in strength and dimensions until it has accomplished the aim of its prophetic projector, by standing an ancient, ever modernized, landmark of passing antiquity, engulfed amid the more utilitarian palaces of industry and trade.

The popular proprietor of the old Bank Coffee-house, a hostelry of repute, located in the business quarter of down town, and christened after its neighbor the only bank, which administered to the financial wants of New York, at the period when the coffee-house opened its doors, Mr. Niblo conceived the idea of creating a suburban branch of his establishment, whither many of his patrons, particularly old sea dogs, masters of tea trading Indiamen and Liverpool liners, could escape the sultry rays of Gotham's summer sun. Away out of town on Broadway, or as it was more generally known, the Albany Post Road, very nearly opposite the first mile stone from the City Hall, stood a double mansion of solid brick, full two stories in height, with a tall gable roof, steep and covered with ponderous slate, garnished with dormer windows, which would put our modern Mansard abortions to the blush. This mansion had been the admiration of the sparse population, congregating around the crest of Richmond Hill, upon whose summit, surrounded by a bright green lawn, ground, loomed up the recently erected cathedral with its unfinished turrets and temporary wooden spire. If the house itself was regarded as a miracle of wealthy outlay, how much more attractively the well laid out grounds, flanking it on either side and visible through the interstices of a wooden picket fence, rivetted the eyes of wandering wayfarers, who in their twilight strolls loitered along the avenue of poplar trees, marshalled in prim array before the palace front. Upon this brick and mortar grandiegy, and its attendant plot of nursery ground, the sharp business eyes of William Niblo descended, and one bright May morn found him the lessee of this out of town domain.

The mansion had been the residence of a notable citizen, whose pastime, enjoyed by the gentry at that time, evinced itself in devotion to the turf. The name of Charles Henry Hall flourished in the Stud book as well as in the corporation manual, for he was a celebrated breeder of race horses besides being alderman of the ward. In a building for his own use as a palace, the worthy city father had not neglected the dignity of his quadrupedal family, for along the entire rear of his garden, fronting upon Crosby street ran a shingle palace, a marvellous structure of wood and glass, divided into chambers, the entrance to which bore the name of its equine tenant in huge golden letters, so that all the world might know that Whalebone, or some other high mettled racer, dwelt therein in dignity and clover.

But Niblo's unrivaling crew of six kings had not been the unmeditated successors of Alderman Hall and his thoroughbred tenants. The Alderman had moved his training establishment with its animated contents to a more congenial clime of Harlem, where both flourished in unadulterated glory until the Alderman succumbed to the scythe of the destroyer and his stable became scattered over the plantations of the South. A fashionable boarding school with its troupe of high born lassies held intermediate occupation of the premises primarily devoted to the turf and now usurped by the stage.

The fertile genius of Niblo soon discovered the value of his gardens, which, situated equi-distant between the more remote regions of Vauxhall, on the Bowery, almost opposite its junction with the Old Post (or Boston) Road, and the *rus in urbe* establishment of Contoit, famous for its ice cream and love bowers, far down Broadway, afforded a tempting resort for those of our fashionables given to afternoon promenades. At first Niblo's Garden became a simple summer lounge, wherein ice creams and other delicacies of the season were served up at the trifling multitude. Then green latticed arbors sprung up, soon to be ornamented by gorgeous illuminations from gaily painted transparencies of brazen musicians added a concordant attraction to the scene of ice devouring revelry. When Niblo commenced giving public entertainments, they were, from force of necessity, confined to afternoon displays, at which either Madame Blanchard was waftedaway to the azure vault above town in a balloon, like Jacob's cow, of many colors; or Herr Cline performed his wonderful ascent on a tight-rope stretched from a pinnacle of the garden to the very top of the tallest chimney on the point of the gable-roofed mansion. And these entertainments, prodigious as they were, but whetted popular appetite, for soon the gardens were appropriated for the scene of evening revels. Pyrotechnical exhibitions in those primitive days of sight-seeing were the popular rage, and no outdoor assemblage, political or social, could dispense without a volley of rockets, and a burst of rose-tinted flame. Castle Garden, the ultra fashionable evening resort when the Battery formed our metropolitan promenade, had hitherto monopolized the prevalent passion for Catherine wheels and Roman candles, when Niblo stepped in to astound the town with a panoramic drama of more than ordinarily exciting blue fire and villainous sulphurous smells. At Castle Garden the gaping crowd had stood spell-bound witnessing the "Siege of Tripoli," with the Philadelphia blowing them up, and the gallant Decatur floating in a sea of green canvas and of lurid light. But Niblo, profiting by the recent occurrence of the Belgian Revolution, took the wind out of the sails of the mock Pebble fleet by giving us the "Bombardment of Antwerp," with a moving panorama of toy ships and wooden armies, extending from Broadway to Crosby street, with bombs, sky-rockets and cannonading enough to have thrown down the walls of Jericho. There was no establishing this immense pyrotechnical display, on the part of the delighted Gothamites, and from that day forth the Battery star rose to an ascendant, far above the zenith attained by any previous projectile of pyrotechnical splendor. The genius of our popular manager could not be limited to mere fiery ebullitions, illuminating for the moment and liable to sudden extinction by an April shower or a July storm. Niblo, emboldened by success, aspired to the possession of a saloon protected against the assaults of Jupiter Pluvius or any other storm demon. The training stable, which the aldermanic turfman had left behind him as an elephant on the premises, now came into utilitarian play, for the ingenious manager, with the aid of the house mover's jacks and screws, changed the base of the ornamental structure and pivotted it around so as to divide the gardens at its rear into two equal parts, upon a line perpendicular to the centre of its base, which was a stage door opening upon Crosby street. An army of house carpenters, aided by a battalion of scenic artists and mechanics, completed the architectural metamorphosis, as galleries and pillars sprang up within the altered dome, and a miniature theatre cropped out at the end of the improvised hall. In this wise was created, almost as by a touch upon Aladdin's Lamp, Niblo's concert and dancing saloon, a palace of splendor, so ingeniously disguised that the ghost neither of Whalebone, nor of any other equine inhabitant, could have recognised the familiar scene of his earthly abode.

The saloon completed and ready for an audience, a more formidable difficulty was presented to the perusal and ultimate success of the enterprise by the stubborn refusal of the Broadway stage proprietors to prolong their route so far up town. The Broadway House, corner of Grand street, was the uttermost stretch to which the public drivers would for legitimate fare extend their travel. At this point the fashionables, patronizing the new temple of amusement, coming from the aristocratic quarters of the City Hall and Park, were swing Greek, and obliged to descend and tramp to the gardens as best might suit their pedal ability. The inconvenience to the patrons of the new enterprise, especially after night fall, was a most serious one, and complaint of it grew universal, far not more than a dozen private carriages were then existing in the city, and some fourscore backs of every imaginable fashion exhausted all available means for hired conveyance. I am aware that many of my readers may smile at this picture of limited locomotion, but we must remember that I am speaking of thirty odd years ago, before the age of rail cars, of regular omnibuses, of expresses, and of steam packets, of a time in our city history when the Bowling Green was the centre of aristocracy, Beekman street of the solid wealth, Franklin square of fashion and Hudson street, of merchandize and trade. Even the United States mail coach, the only means of rapid communication for travellers at distant points, drove daily from house to house to pick up passengers and baggage, booked for their journey days in advance. Nevertheless Niblo, in this instance, as in every other, proved himself more than equal to the emergency. His taste for horse flesh was put to a practical test, and the resources of the budding coach factories of Newark called into active play with such determined effect, that scarce had two moons revolved over the unsophisticated inhabitants of the nineteenth Broadway were aroused from their habitual lethargy by the rumbling of a half a dozen bran new chocolate colored omnibuses, driven by tip-top whips, four in hand, as the commencement of a new line, connecting the extreme length of the city from St. Thomas' Church to the Battery. Neither were these public vehicles constructed in imitation of their predecessors, elongated specimens of backwood coaches, perched in mid-air upon leather springs and accessible only by ascending a flight of a dozen or more iron steps. Niblo's chariots were the antipodes of these antediluvian contrivances, being modelled after the London style of omnibus, with flat patented springs and a low body, the introduction of which gave rise to that species of street stages, prevalent to this day, as if incapable of improvement. Niblo's omnibus undertaking, the most brilliant and utilitarian advertising speculation up to that time devised by a showman's intellect, far ahead of any stage hoax as illuminated signboard, inscribed with Niblo's name, not only forced the enterprising proprietor into the front rank of public benefactors, but secured the permanent success of his concert hall, now that a semi-public conveyance, a ride in which increased the novelty of the jaunt, transferred its patrons to the very door of the temple. Not to disappoint the incoming crowds, tempted by the omnibus excursion, Niblo inaugurated his saloon with a diversity of entertainments—an *olla podrida* of a most medley description, but affording a bill of fare devoured by our immediate progenitors with reckless avidity. Herr Cline succumbed to *Il Antonio Diavolo*, wonderful acrobat on the corde volante, and his troupe of posturing children; the sable band surrendered to an orchestra of stringed instruments, who executed accompaniments for Madame Otto's songs and Gambati's solos on the French horn. Neither were these the sole attractions of this resort during the summer nights as prludes to the inevitable pyrotechnical display, for it was there that Adrien the magician, Blitz the conjurer, and a host of disciples of the black art first chamified the popular taste for legerdemain and tours of force. For many seasons Madame Otto reigned the queen of song, warbling, to the unbounded delight of critical audiences, ballads, the very sound of whose name would send a thrill of horror though the breast of any of our present devotees to opera. Only think of "By the Margin of Fair Zurich's Waters" or "Meet Me by Moonlight Alone" being the standard gem of a vocal entertainment of the upper ten to tickle a superannuated taste, uncorrupted by the crochets and quavers of Italian composers. Nevertheless Mad. Otto was the local Malibran of that operatic day, for we had an Italian opera, and even the divine Malibran in person, at that time, when New York failed to appreciate the animated notes of birds of song, whose minstrelsy subsequently became the rapture of more than one European capital. Still our untutored fashionables preferred simple melodies of British origin and voted our cantatrice a being of super-excellence, until, gathering a fortune, she withdrew to the Jersey shores and there built, near the entrance of Hoboken's lawn, a gigantic *chalet* or exaggerated Swiss cottage, which, passing from the songstress' occupation, long maintained her distinctive name, as a furtive inducement for the consumption of sponge cake and vanillacream.

Neither was the enterprising Niblo, in these hours of budding notoriety, unafflicted with a Barnumizing propensity for exciting popular attention towards appreciating the manifold novelties, vocal and instrumental, exhibited within his garden and saloon. Well do I remember how the whole town was distracted with discussions of the rival merits of two imported blowers upon musical inventions, brought from Europe by Niblo in person, regardless of expense, to expel melody into the ears of his patrons and of those alone. One was an English notable, Norton by name, who flourished on the keys of a Kent bugle; the other combatant in the windy tournament was a performer

"ONLY CHIGGS."

To see me here with my glass and my jug,
And my fire, and my cat, and my meerschaums, too,
You'd think that I ought to be jolly and snug,
And so I am, thank you—the same to you!

Yet, somehow, sitting coolly here,
I think of the sunny summerside hours,
When the what-do-you-call-'em warbles clear,
And the breezes blow. Likewise the flowers.

For the summer I love with a love as brigh.:
As a poet feels for his Chloe or Nancy,
And musing dreamily here to-night,
I try to hurry it on in fancy.

I am lying, we'll say, in the nook I love,
Screened from the sunlight's scorching glow,
Watching the big clouds up above,
And blowing a lazy cloud below.

Blowing a cloud from my meerschaum black,
And thinking or not, as I feel inclined,
With a light alpaca coat on my back,
And nothing particular on my mind;

Dreaming, may be, of fame or strife,
Of hopes that kindle, of loves that bless—
Some people might call it wasting life,
But it's very pleasant, nevertheless.

And pleasanter still when, after a while,
I hear a low footfall i' the grass,
And lo! with a flattering blush and a smile,
She comes to meet me, my own wee lass.

My love of the blue eyes, tender and soft,
And yellow hair in the sun that glisten'd,
With a smile that's the same I've seen so oft,
And a new pork-pie and feather that isn't.

Cara mia, love is sweet,
Love and beauty, summer and youth,
And true is the love that I lay at your feet—
You may laugh, my dear, but you know it's the truth.

So with love at our hearts—ecstatic boon!
And now and then a word and a smile,
We dream thro' the summer afternoon
In the Owen-Meredith-Bulwer style.

And then when the good night kiss o' the sun
Has touch'd her cheek to a daintier red,
And twilight is soberly stealing on,
And yokels are toddling home to bed:

Arm-in-arm on our homeward walk,
Thro' the country lanes and corn fields dear,
We wile the way with such tender talk
As maidens and young men love to hear.

Heigho! this is all very nice, you know,
Yet somehow nor maiden nor summer is nigh,
And the only corn is the corn on my toe,
And that 'll want cutting by-and-by.

As for thinking my dream 'll come true, why that
Would be one of the most absurd o' rigs;
For I'm rather bald, and uncommonly fat,
And my name isn't Norval, but only Chiggs.

HOW I BECAME A KUKLUX.

From the Confession of a Benedict.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY TOBY TINGLE, GENT.

At the risk of directing towards myself the indignation of the civilized portion of the community, I avow myself an object of suspicion.

The event came about in a manner most unexpected, and, had I not read an account of the proceedings of diverse irresponsible members of a certain fraternity, all knowledge of the transaction might have remained buried in the inmost recesses of my own cerebellum—a secret which I would not have cared to avow to the most intimate of my friends. Abstractly speaking, I am no friend of secret societies. They cost money to begin with, and with those of the benevolent sort are apt to carry unpleasant consequences with them. I never had a friend who became an Odd Fellow, or a Free Mason, but he was immediately assailed with some insidious malady, which had the effect of incapacitating him for business, if it did not altogether remove him from the sphere of his usefulness.

I joined the Know Nothings, and became so inextricably entangled in the whole network of signs and passwords, that, if I had not wisely declined the conclusion, I might at this moment have been leading a life of retirement in the retreat provided for lunatics on Blackwell's Island, instead of quietly reposing in the bosom of my family. So great was my mystification that the little knowledge I had once possessed deserted me. The confusion consequent upon my adoption led to many amusing *contretemps*. After the date of my emancipation, I became so nervous that I would start at shadows; an involuntary sneeze or cough, a shake of the hand or the display of a white pocket-handkerchief would throw me into a tremor, and the humming or whistling of a familiar tune would send a cold shiver through my enervated system. Emissaries of other secret societies—political, of course—appeared to surround me on every side. News of assassination, of poisoning, of a compulsory plunge over the string-piece of some of the wharves, or a midnight descent into somebody's area, oppressed and unnerved me. I fancied that the eyes of the authorities were upon me, and that every proceeding, however trivial its nature, was entered in legible characters upon the books of the department. Yet, I pledge my word of faith, I did not know what it was all about, or what even the most confidential of my associates were up to, more than it was all a jolly lark, and that it was intended to be in some way beneficial to the government.

I caught my wife, Sarah Ann, in close conversation with a Jewish vender of laces, and drove him ignominiously from my door. I was determined to have no spies about. For the same reason I forbade Bridget, the housemaid, to have anything to do with the policeman.

Notwithstanding all this—would it be believed?—I again became a member of a secret society.

My cousin, Tom Trotter, had just come North on a piece of business, which promised to detain him some months. Tom was one of those restive and convivial spirits who do so much to disperse gloom and tears in this world, and, hailing from Baltimore, brought letters of introduction which placed him at once on a good footing among us.

Being of a restless and somewhat social disposition, he soon tired of the usual round of pleasures, and longed for new fields of excitement.

At last the wished-for opportunity seemed to present itself.

"Come along, Toby," he said to me one evening, rushing into the sitting room, where I was reposing in a rocker, with my feet on the fender. "I have it at last—just the thing for both of us. We were at a loss for excitement, and here is the opportunity ready to be grasped by him who seeks it."

"What is it?" I inquired, rather dubiously.

"You like a little fun now and then, don't you? Well, this is the very thing; the Jolly Sons of Momus—a club of fine fellows, organized for the very purpose of being merry, killing the blues and driving dull care away. There, now, no objection, but come along at once."

"O, I don't object—it's my wife. She might possibly——"

"Nonsense—come along. You can refer her to me. If she should raise any fuss about it I'll pacify her."

To make a short story, we went. We found our fellow convives assembled in full force, to the number of a dozen, in a snug apartment over the bar of the Sunflower tavern. The lights were extinguished at our approach, and I was drawn by the hand into the centre of the room, the door being closed and locked behind me. I then became conscious of a series of sharp pinches, and, stepping aside to avoid them, received a smart box on the ear, very similar to the caress with which Mrs. Tingle favors me when her blood is up. I thrust out my hand at random and grasped a woman's gown. Simultaneously with this a sound of tittering and suppressed laughter pervaded the apartment. The rap of a gavel was heard, and all became silent.

"The candidate for initiation will answer a few questions before assuming the rights of membership," said a husky voice in front of me. "Can you define the meaning of the expression, 'flipping a Jack,' and did you ever indulge in that innocent species of recreation?"

"I am no card sharp," I replied, "but flatter myself that in a friendly bout at euchre I can handle the pasteboards to some purpose."

"Does tobacco, taken in reasonable quantities, strike you as being injurious to the system?"

"I have been a smoker for twenty-five years and I live to tell the tale!"

"Do you chew?"

"Occasionally."

"Solace or hardbake?"

"Both, when I can get 'em."

"State whether you like yours with or without?"

"I take it plain."

"What is your idea of temperance?"

I saw that I was in for it, so I boldly answered—"being able to walk home unassisted after cracking your fourth bottle."

Having listened to my rejoinders to these and other questions of similar import, the voice exclaimed—"The candidate has answered correctly. Let us introduce the Light of Reason and bid the new brother welcome."

The gas was now lighted as suddenly as it was extinguished, a screen was removed from before the fire, and I found myself the centre of a group of worthies who might have passed for some theatrical company at a dress rehearsal, or for a deputation from the Fantastical Fraternity. There were counterfeit presentations of Mr. Pickwick, Wilkins Micawber and the Fat Boy, Champagne Charlie and Coal Oil Tommy, arm in arm, Mephistophiles and Faustus, Falstaff and the Knight from the "Trovatore," and other familiar characters, including one female, intended, I suppose, as a representative of the Bearded Woman.

A large table was wheeled into the centre of the floor, at which all were seated, myself at the president's right. A monster bowl of punch was immediately smoking upon the board, flanked by cigars, pipes and tobacco, and by a goodly array of bottles, to all of which we proceeded to pay our respects. The affair reminded me so much of the days of my bachelorhood that I entered into it with spirit, and exhibited, in fact, so much zeal that I soon became the ringleader of the orgie. I had soon cast off the staid sobriety of demeanor which usually characterized my conduct, and, equipped in a gay cocked hat and feather, and a regimental coat that would have conferred honor upon Bombastes Furioso, was soon eclipsing my light-hearted companions in buffoonery. Yes—I, who had been admitted to the rite of confirmation and had not, for some years, toned my voice to anything less serious than the Songs of Zion, suffered myself, without resistance, to be installed High Cockalorum of the Jolly Sons of Momus, and to take the seat, gavel in hand, at the head of that tipsy crew of revelers. As a mark of my gratitude I ordered oysters for the party, and forthwith launched into a rollicking refrain of my (r) oystering days, (excuse the pun,) as follows—the company beating time on the table with their knives and forks, and chorusing forth the last four lines with true Bacchareal energy:—

O, 'tis I'm a jolly oysterman
Of Fulton Market side,
For to cultivate the natives
It is my joy and pride;
With Prince's Bay and Shrewsburys
My cart is always piled;
And celebrated is my stock
For fried, or roast, or briled.
Then who wouldn't be an oysterman,
The public's friend is he—
As true a son of Momus, sirs,
As ever you did see!

The "song" embraced some half dozen more verses, each concluding with the well-known melodious cry of the oysterman, for which at that moment my voice was admirably adapted, and I rather fancy that my younger friends would have been somewhat astonished could they have dropped in upon their respected class leader at that interesting juncture.

We made a night of it, however, and, proceeding to the street, alarmed the guardians of the night by our vociferous demonstrations, upsetting ash barrels and demoralising bell knobs, and perpetrating such other innocent freaks as are customary on such occasions.

I reached home in the wee small hours and presented myself before my wife, who had been sitting up for me, in the full glory of my cork moustache and regimentals. The good soul was naturally horrified by my proceedings, but Tom came to my rescue with so much address, (he is very handsome, is Tom,) that for once the Amazonian spirit was quelled and I was enabled to sleep in peace. Such might have continued to be the case had it not been for another cousin of mine, (a female of course,) who had just mischief enough in her disposition to "see" my cousin Tom and "go him one better." My attendance at the club having become so frequent as to attract observation, this young piece of duplicity, whose name was Gracie, went into conspiracy with Mrs. T. to disconcert my plans and bring about the overthrow of that popular and flourishing society known as the Jolly Sons of Momus, with the following result:—

One morning my wife called my attention to the subjoined paragraph, which she had found in the local department of our morning paper:—

"KUKLUXERS IMPROMPTU.—The latest letters from Southern correspondents are rife with accounts of a mysterious organization which has sprung up as if by preconcerted action in some of the principal cities of that section, and which is more than suspected of having its branch societies here. These infamous associations, which aim at nothing less than the extinction of the respectable and law-abiding population, the plundering of banks and dwellings, and the demoralization of our females, is known as the Kuk-Lux Club, and draws numbers of its members from the conservative ranks of society at the North. Its meetings are ostensibly held under the guise of convivial assemblages, but that paltry subterfuge will not hoodwink the authorities. More anon."

I read this oracular passage with a smile, pocketed the paper and proceeded to my business. In the course of the morning Tom dropped in and handed me another paper, pointing out a paragraph which he had marked with a border of black ink:—

"MORE OF THE K. K.'s.—The city is overrun with emissaries of the K. K. K. They may be known by the liberal manner in which they dispense their money on every side, and by the numerous signals they exchange on meeting with their associates. The detectives are at work, and the villains are achieving an unenviable notoriety. We await further developments, and, assisted by our unrivaled corps of reporters, will lay the results in due time before our readers."

Readers were now urged to call to mind the numerous outrages which had been recently perpetrated, and to keep a wary eye upon their neighbors. Not knowing but there might be something in it, I stepped into a gunsmith's and purchased a brace of revolvers and a shot gun; likewise a sword cane, a knuckle-duster, a slung shot and a billy. If they tried any of their tricks upon me—well, I say nothing, but it is best to be forearmed.

Suddenly I found that I had become an object of interest. Strange persons of mysterious demeanor loitered about my place of business and my private residence—men of unshaven face, with felt hats drawn close down over the eyes, and with the seediest of seedy habiliments. I caught one of them picking his teeth, as he idly leaned against a lamp post, with a formidable clasp knife. He scowled at me as I passed and blew his nose sonorously with a handkerchief—not as other people blow their noses, with a certain air of reticence and apology, but deliberately and *pugnaciously* at me.

Business contingencies induced me to post upon my door the following notice:—

"Wanted, one hundred able-bodied men to go into the country. Apply within."

A new canal company in which I was interested as stockholder required the above amount of muscle and deputed me to procure it.

In less than six hours my office was taken in possession by hundreds of vicious looking fellows, clad, like me of the lamppost, in seedy habiliments, with the broadest of all broad-brimmed felt hats and the seediest of attire. The latter was there, as usual. He pressed his way into the front row, nearest the table at which I was seated, and asked, with a peculiar leer of significance, "What's up, Governor?"

I told him the occasion of the placard, when he replied, amid a general laugh and somewhat insolently, "O, that be bothered. We know the time o'day, Governor, and there's no need for peeking it up between us. We're all tough seasoned knots and may be relied on for a desperate emergency."

It was with no small difficulty that, with the aid of my clerks, I continued to clear my apartments of this swarm of intruders. The needed help was finally secured, and I flattered myself that I should enjoy a little repose. Vain delusion—abortive hope! The number of my persecutors increased, instead of diminishing; I became conscious also that I was watched by the police.

I was so thoroughly intimidated that the whistling of a familiar air would send a cold shiver through me; I would shudder at a cough, and a sneeze would almost throw me into a fit, while I shrank from a hand-shaking from fear of being suspected of exchanging a grip. About this time I received several anonymous letters signed "K. K." within a red circle, and warning me to beware of talking loosely, as Argus eyes were upon me.

I shunned all introductions to young ladies, from an apprehension that they might be female emissaries, and finally grew to suspect my own servants, and even my wife. My club was now my only refuge.

Wife openly taxed me with being the associate of sympathizers and skedaddled to her room, when with thunder in my tones and the indignation of a true patriot flashing from my eyes, I denied the "soft impeachment" (no allusion to the President)

At length an end was put to my suspense by the police, who made a descent upon the club during one of its harmonious gatherings and conveyed us to the nearest lock-up, on a charge of being engaged in illicit transactions, which the authorities were to investigate.

I remained a close prisoner until late the next morning, when, the magistrate finding that he could make nothing of us, discharged us with a fine and reprimand, and an intimation that he would keep an eye on us.

I returned to find that Tom had ran off with my wife, taking with them her jewelry and all the loose cash that they could lay hands on; for, you see, Tom was ready.

Never mind! he is welcome to his treasure, and when I can obtain a divorce from Mrs. T., I will make amends for my troubles by wedding my cousin Gracie, who I shrewdly imagine was at the bottom of all the trouble. I remain yours, respectfully,

A CUCKOLD, PERHAPS, BUT NOT A KUK-LUX.

OARSMANSHIP.

Selecting a Regatta Crew.

To select a crew for a regatta no arbitrary rules can be laid down why one man should be chosen and another rejected, until those desiring to "swing the blade" have engaged in trial trips. The trials greatly facilitate the captain of the club's choice, as it narrows the number from which he has to pick, and the steadiness, pluck and rowing in the trial race, all serve as guides in selecting. But men of weight, men of strength, men of pluck, men with perfect self-control, ready and willing to sacrifice every thought and inclination to the end in view, should finally be chosen. Good big men are better than good little men. For instance, at 5 and 4 in an eight we may go up to 182lbs. and at 5 even above it. But, without very strong reason, we should not go under 133lbs. in an eight or four. A heavy man will sometimes not pull his own weight; while a light man sometimes rows a stroke which seems a stone beyond his powers. As for figure, the best made men are those with good loins, wide at the hips and long arms. There should not be more than two inches difference round loins and round chest. We cannot predicate of any man, however good his figure, that he will make a good oar; but we can safely predicate of many a man that he will never make an oar. We must have strength, health, sound constitution and good temper, without which bad no man can train, as our groundwork; but in the first question of whether A is to come into the crew, and B be put out to make way for him, can only be settled by seeing and trying them in the boats. And this the captain, and he alone, must finally decide; for the captain of a club is chosen as the one who has, of those available for the office, the greatest practical and theoretical knowledge of rowing and all that pertains to it. Brains count for more in rowing than most people suppose, and in no part of the boat to the extent they do in the stroke. We are, of course, speaking now of fours and eights, for in pair-oared rowing, an art of itself, the bow is everything. The stroke of a crew is to his crew what the colors are to a regiment. Once finally installed in that honorable position, he dwells in a region beyond praise or blame. Whatever he does is, as far as the crew are concerned, *ipso facto* right. If there is anything to suggest to the captain, it is done privately, and with the utmost delicacy; and it must never come to the ears of a crew that there is any difference of opinion between captain, stroke and coxswain. He is the representative man of his crew, and anything said in his disparagement is an insult to the crew at large, and must be felt as such, and resented by every man who rows behind him. But if such are his privileges, his responsibilities are no less. The rowing of the crew is made or marred by the stroke. In a race almost all the generalship is his alone. It is only when the other boat is quickening to take your water, or in the last final struggle or the foul, when the coxswain alone, if one is carried, can see the critical moment, that it is for the coxswain, and not the stroke, to call upon the crew for a spurt. He alone in a race can tell what stroke is safest and best to row, and when to quicken with the certainty of being backed up, for he alone knows to a nicety how far his crew are rowing within themselves. It is here we want that perfect self-command and cool head which will not, if left behind at the start or during the early part of the race, be tempted, in spite of all the prayers and appeals from partisans on the bank, to depart from the uniform style adhered to in practice, into a quick, flurried, unequal and scratchy rowing, which is a sure sign of nervousness and loss of head. He must adapt, then, his rowing not only to what he knows best for his crew, but to what is best for the particular course, and the state of the water. For instance, on short courses, he must go away with the lead and keep it; it is a spurt from start to finish. Well, then, besides brains, we want a man who can impart life, energy and dash to his crew. Of course, as no man can or must row a stroke which is not modelled on the stroke, we must have on the after thwart a man who can set such a stroke as will bring out all the energy and power of the very best of men behind him, row up to it. Again, as he knows himself, he must be a man who knows to a nicety the number of strokes he is rowing to a minute, and he must be able to row one equable stroke right through, which never varies except when he breaks into a spurt. Of course, a stroke must not bring his rowing down to the level of his crew, but must bring their rowing up to his. Still he must take largely into consideration their state and condition. For instance, a good stroke never hurries his men, knowing well that you can always quicken as time progresses, but that a hurried, scratchy style, once picked up, is not to be got rid of. Lastly, but not leastly, we want courage, gameness, and good temper. Courage and gameness in the boat, so that he will row hard right through to the last, and spurt the moment it is wanted; good temper out of the boat, so as to keep up the spirits of the crew, and make light of all the little annoyances and disagreeables which are perpetually turning up during training. If the captain of a club is able and willing, and not too heavy, he had better row stroke himself; if otherwise, let him pick a man who comes up to the ideal here laid down. In clubs where the number of rowing men is too small to make trial races possible, the best plan is for the captain to put on the after thwart the best man he has got for stroke. Then let him try as many men of past crews as are willing to row, and fill up the vacancies with men who have not rowed in club crews, or regattas or races. He should try all candidates in turn, shifting them from stroke to bow side, till he is thoroughly satisfied as to what men will do and what will not. When he has made his final selection, he should at once take his place in the boat, if he means to row himself; if not, he had better accompany the crew in their practice in a sculling wager boat. He should still get the next most likely men to continue steady practice under some experienced oar, so that, if after training has commenced, further alterations—as is almost invariably the case—are necessary, he has some men to fall back upon.

By following the above advice better amateur crews will be chosen than has sometimes been the case. Professional crews, as a rule, have of course been through the above schooling, although some of them may add to their experience by giving the same a careful perusal.

A SAUCY, SAGE SLAUGHTERER.—A man was arrested recently in Cincinnati on the charge of having slaughtered several diseased cattle for the purpose of converting them into Bologna Sausages. He was discharged by the learned Justice of the Police Court on the ground that he had not "exposed the meat for sale." Bolognas ought to be cheap in Cincinnati after this revelation.

A SPEEDY VESSEL.—The speediest ship afloat is said to be one in which everything was sacrificed to speed—the yacht recently built for the Pasha of Egypt by Messrs. Samuda, of London; her speed on trial was seventeen and a quarter knots per hour, or about twenty English miles.

A MALICIOUS MEM.—A woman who was recently arrested in London for begging in male attire, confessed that at various times during the last seven years she has acted as stoker on a Cunard steamer, porter on the Great Western Railway sailor and barteander.

A CLAMOROUS EXCLAMATION.—The clams at Narragansett Bay, undisturbed all winter on account of the depth of ice, are now coming out unusually large. One man in Fawtucket dug ten bushels at a single tide, and sold his yield for $15. A fortunate fishure filled.

A CANINE CANON.—The Maryland Legislature has enacted that "the owner of every dog or bitch, for which a license shall be obtained, shall have a collar put around his or her neck." In case the owner doesn't wear a collar, the dog is to be shot.

HUB-BUB.—The suburb of Roxbury, Mass., lately annexed to Boston, is called the "Sub-Hub," and the little settlement of New Boston, among the mountains of Berkshire, is proud to be known as "Hub, Jr." Why don't Old Berks abjure the cognomen?

☞ Holloway's Pills.—When the strength and spirits are broken, every internal function disordered, the stomach torpid and relaxed, this wonderful medicine accomplishes its miracles, rescuing the lick from the shadow of impending death.

"ME NIBS."

A Few Scattering Reminiscences of a Celebrity who Did Not Cross the Rubicon.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I used to be very much puzzled by an expression which I often heard from the lips of loungers on the sidewalk and in barrooms. I am not so much mystified now, since experience has given me a knowledge of what is transpiring within the penetralia of the temple. "How's 'Me Nibs' this morning?" or "What says His Nibs?" or "Here comes His Nibs," being terms of every-day repetition, and even the old forms of swearing being supplanted by the quaint but less objectionable substitute of "blarst me (sanguinary) nibs!"

Where His Nibs made his first appearance on that stage where all the men and women are but players has never been settled. Some, from the gregariousness of his habits, have boldly asserted that he was hatched, others that he came into the world with his feet foremost, like Richard, indicating that he would be obliged to hoe his own row, and also with a tongue, which indicated that he was to be a great talker. Some locate the scene of his birth at any place between Cape Horn and the jumping-off place at Alaska, and one of these surmises is possibly the correct one, as I myself have met him at every point of note in all the different degrees of latitude. A young Englishman, of the jockey sort, fresh from Cockaigne, did once venture to assert that His Nibs was the son of a London tradesman of property who had sent him abroad to wear out his unsalable clothing; but this is probably a calumny, for Nibs' disposition was rather the reverse of extravagant. His soubriquet took its rise from the liberal use of the favorite oath in question, which smacks of Wapping; but his real name may have been Smith, or Jones, or Plantagenet—I never knew which—nor cared.

I only know that, having a talent for lounging, the thread of my reflections was all at once broken by Nibs, who crossed my path one bright morning in front of the St. Nicholas, attracting my attention by the majestic grandeur of his appearance and the extreme oddity of his dress. I met him at Delmonico's, where I went to dine with some friends, yet could as positively swear that I had seen him emerging from one of the cheap hash houses next morning, picking his teeth after a sumptuous breakfast of fish balls, with a relish as keen as he had exhibited after dining off venison and quail on toast, washed down by a bottle of generous Lafitte. I encountered him at the opera on a fashionable night, when he exclaimed "bravo!" and "encore!" at everything; and again I observed him at the Bowery, stamping his applause and vociferating "hoist that rag!" and "hi! hi!" with the noisiest rapscallions in the pit. I found him at the assemblies and balls, at the prize fights and races, and, meeting him at the club, fell upon my knees (metaphorically) and enrolled myself among his victims.

But he had such a way with him, you know!

I drank wine with him, was introduced by him to some of his fashionable acquaintances, and we were sworn friends. Afterwards I indulged with him in billiards, lost money to him, often, and lent him more; and, what is stranger than all, felt that I was the debtor.

You should have seen Me Nibs on cricketing days, however, for then he was glorious. He was the envy of even the best of players and the instructor of half the field. It was one of the few occasions when he condescended to lay off his kids and put aside his eye glass. The women doated upon him, the men all secretly hated while they feared him, for he was a reputed dead shot, and could ring the bell any given number of times in succession.

At last Nibs and I became neighbors. He came into my room one evening, as I sat smoking, and ruminating with his meerschaum in his mouth, and looking not less gorgeous than ever in cap and wrapper.

"I found you out," he said; "they tried to drive me off the track, but they couldn't deceive me. Knew it must be pleasant to live where you cast anchor, so took a room at once, and here I am, as you see, quite at home."

"At home," I said with a smile at the oddity of the term; "well, yes, the word will do for want of a better."

"Boil of course, why not? Even a bachelor may have his comforts. Remember the song"—and he hummed the well known verse, winding up with,

"Be it never so homely,
There's no place like home."

"That was applicable at the time it was written," he added, "but it is said that that venerable institution known as home is dying out among us; that we of the fast generation no longer live *en famille* or have our little convenient privacies as of old; that we eat, drink, dance and die in public; that we are born in public and the public is our sponsor. We can't go courting as we used to without doing it in the public view, and incurring an amount of obloquy that would convict any trembling culprit in the criminal's dock, and we can't be decently buried without a brass band and a masonic or military escort. I submit that this is going it rather too strong. If persisted in, this style of thing must ultimately sap the foundations of society—I reiterate, must sap it, sir!"

Nevertheless, the change has its advantages while the world is actually making its chrysalis, accepting that term as defined by Walker—i. e., the first apparent change of a maggot. With a little variation the same interpolation might be applied to New York, a *'bundle* of maggots' being substituted for the singular. But this is altogether too maggotty a subject. We pass."

"In a hotel one may live at his ease. 'It is pleasant to live at one's ease in one's inn,' says the essayist. *Dulce est desipere in loco*," says the poet. The latter, by the way, must have had a spice of sly humor about him, and may have had some prophetic inklings of the coming hotel system, with a decided tendency to preserving. *'Dulce est* disappear-*y in loco'* would apply very well to these monster caravanseries, which are so full of tortuous windings and so honeycombed with apartments that to get lost in them is the easiest thing in the world.

Shall I ever forget the expression which overcame his countenance as I attempted to enlarge and expatiate upon the abundant theme? He jumped up, and walking to the fire-place, stirred the coals with, as I thought, a sort of spiteful energy. I went on:—

"They have their advantage, as I have said, only that before one gets used to them, every thing seems to be transacted through the medium of gongs, whistles and bells—'and the tintinnabulation of the bells.'"

"*Hang the bells!*" he growled, "or, rather unhang them. Let us change the subject from home to *Homo*. Who's that old guy who has the suite of apartments opposite—that where I see so many visitors running? Money-lender? Music teacher? Matrimonial broker? What the deuce is he?"

"Neither. He is a theatrical manager, and those you see asking for him are probably actors soliciting engagements, dramatic authors, or duns—the latter predominating."

"Pray introduce me," he suddenly said; "I should really like to become acquainted with a manager. You must know I am something of an actor myself. Have given 'em Richard with all the prescribed emphasis and discretion.

"Give me another wound—bind up my horse!"

And, seizing the poker, he took to cavorting about the room in the style of Richard as we see him in the circus. Then, supposing the mortal wound to have been inflicted, sank upon the sofa, "with his arms and legs in the air like a shipwrecked teatable," as he expressed it, quoting, and after the usual request, "Now let the world no longer be a stage," etc., gave up the ghost.

"That's not all," he said; "I can play orchestra also—listen!" He then produced from his pocket a flute, and struck up one of those lugubrious tunes for which Richard Swiveller was famous—winding up with a "curious shake," as he called it.

The manager came in at this juncture, and I embraced the opportunity to introduce them, telling him also that if he was in want of an actor, I could suit him to a T.

"*Diable!*" he exclaimed, aghast. "I have dismissed a round dozen already this morning, and came in here to get rid of the thirteenth, and you're at me, too!"

"O, don't be alarmed," said M. N., with volubility, "I have no idea of turning actor, though 'tis said I have the cut for it. No, sir—the heroics are not in my line. But I *would* like to give them my idea of Richard. Mind—select an off night and put me up for King Dick. I'll pay for it, and on the nail."

"Hum!" said Mr. Manager, thoughtfully stroking his chin. "Perhaps 'twill be all the money that's taken. You shall have your chance, sir."

"Sir, ever yours. You shall see a crowd in attendance, for my friends alone are enough to fill the theatre."

The terms were arranged the next day, and from that hour until the moment of his appearance M. N. was immersed in deep study. He could not be approached, me without making a lunge at me with an imaginary sword, or substituting theatrical phraseology for that generally in use.

I longed for the "eventful day," as he termed it, to be over, that I might be at peace.

It came. The rain poured in torrents. The other houses were putting forth startling attractions, but the ruse of the manager (who had bribed some noisy market boys to give M. N. a "reception") worked to a charm. The audience was a good one, but somewhat mixed. The up tiers were frantic with delight as the play progressed (with improvements). The dress circle was convulsed; and none of its occupants more so than the friends of M. N., who had contributed liberally and enjoyed the lark.

The play proceeded amid the wildest excitement to the close, when the tyrant, after utterly exhausting his Richmond and himself, reluctantly fell on the field.

This was the cue for mischief. As My Nibs gave his last farewell speech, the gongs were sounded with fearful effect from behind, red fire was turned upon the scene, and showers of fire, amid which and a hail storm of vegetables, M. N. sank gracefully and rapidly from view in a trap which had been arranged for the purpose.

"My Nibs" after that disappeared, but a report that he has since been found in attendance at a table in one of the leading hotels has inspired some doubts in my mind with regard to his origin.

POOR PARIS MUSICIANS.—WHENCE THEY COME AND WHAT THEY DO.—The Italian Beneficent Society of Paris has just drawn up a report on the swarms of young vagabond musicians who yearly cross the Alps and encumber the streets of that and other European cities, and who sometimes visit America. The document in question, which is published in the Florence journals, states that those wretched children come for the most part from a southern province in Italy—the Basilicata—where they are hired yearly from their parents for hundreds of francs, under formal, but, of course, worthless contracts. They are taken away in gangs, boys and girls, of from two to a dozen, and are at once compelled to beg along the roads for the benefit of the *padrone*. The route is usually along the sea coast, and they enter France by the Corniche, and thence to Marseilles. Here they are handed over by their conductors to a second lot of speculators from Paris and other large cities, and this act of white slave trading being concluded, the same operation is re-commenced in Calabria. The wretched life which the poor creatures lead in Paris is well known; they are badly fed, scantily clothed, and subjected to ill treatment by their masters. When taken up by the police for vagrancy they are usually surrendered to the master who claims them, and are only sent out of the country, through the agency of the Italian Consul General, when taken into custody a third time, but they usually manage to return again across some other frontier, without a possibility of detecting them. The *Siecle*, referring to this shameful abuse, asks whether nothing effectual can be done to suppress it; and, as an answer to its own query, cites the ordinances of the Prefect of Police of the 28th of February, 1863, which expressly forbids "street mountebanks, organ players, musicians and itinerant singers to have with them children under 16 years of age. The Italian Beneficent Society strongly appeals to the authorities at Florence to take steps to put an end to this scandal, which helps to perpetuate the prejudice that Italy is the home of a lazy race.

SHARP SHOOTING.—Two western hunters named Hoffman and Cowan, both good shots, and not a little given to boasting of their skill, went out one day on a deering expedition. Shortly after separating in the woods, Hoffman heard Cowan's gun fired off—when he went to the spot, expecting to help Cowan bang up a deer. He found him loading his gun, and shouted out:

"Hallow, Cowan! What did you shoot at just now?"

"None of your business; go along over the hill."

Surprised at this crusty answer, Hoffman looked around, and discovered a *calf* among the bushes. Again he cried:

"I say, Cowan, did you shoot at the calf?"

"Yes, I *did*; but it's none o' your business."

"Why, what made you shoot at it?"

"Why, I took it for a deer."

"Well, did you *hit* it?"

"No; I missed it."

"How did you miss it?"

"Why, I wasn't quite sure that it wasn't a calf!"

"You are a pretty specimen of a hunter," rejoined Hoffman, "to shoot at a calf for a deer, and *miss* it at that!"

"Don't make a fool of yourself," replied Cowan; "I shot at it just so as to hit it if it was a deer, and miss it if it was a calf."

A SAVAGE FEMALE.—A widow of Brighton, England, has been sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude for breaking her nephew's nose, beating him with a red-hot poker, tying him hand and foot and sousing him in a tank of water, digging pieces of flesh out of his face with an oyster knife, searching the flesh off his knees, pounding, kicking and otherwise bringing him up in the way he should not go.

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHEN is a donkey like a bullet? When he's led (lead).

WHEN is a man like a looking glass? When he reflects.

WHAT quadrupeds are admitted to balls, operas and dinner parties? White kids. Sometimes the goats go with them.

DID the same time popular saying, "Who's your hatter?" originate in the days of "What tiler?"

WHAT is that which a man may have never possessed, and yet leave behind him? A will.

IF an elephant can travel eight miles an hour, and carry his trunk, how fast could he go if he had a little page to carry it for him?

WHY is Chang the laziest man in the world? Because, on account of his great height, he lies the longest in bed.

IF Adam had asked Eve for a kiss, could the latter, without profanity, have replied, "I don't care, Adam, if you do?"

BREVITIES.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—Rent and taxes.

EPITAPH ON AN AUCTIONEER.—"Gone."

NOTHING is more impoverishing than parsimony.

EPITAPH ON A PORTRAIT PAINTER.—Taken from life.

ADHESION TO LOW HABITS.—To tell lies and *stick* to them.

MUSIC is an invisible dance, as dancing is a silent music.

SUSPICIOUS heads want no sophistry to supply their mistrust.

POWER kills what is feeble, as a decoction of quassia kills flies.

GOOD will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

THE greatest glory is not in never failing, but in rising every time we fall.

THE most worthless of all purses is that filled with borrowed money.

TIME, patience and industry are the three grand masters of the world.

THE heart can leap, flutter, sing and dance joyously in the dark cages of the bosom.

MAN demands more that sorrow than that rapture should show its motive and its apology.

THE gentleman who knocked off his servant's beer has since been knocked down by his own porter.

RICHES should be admitted into our houses, but not into our hearts.

PHILOSOPHY.—The end of philosophy is to subdue the passions, and prepare man for every condition of life.

HYPOCHONDRIACISM.—The most unhappy of all men is he who believes himself to be so.

IF men wear false calves, it may at least be said in their behalf that they themselves are real ones.

WHEN a telegraphic operator is killed by a flash of lightning along the wire he gets a despatch.

MODESTY flushes a lady's cheek. Like the blood of the scratched Aphrodite, it dyes the white roses red.

ONE successful lie is the prolific mother of lies; and out of every wind-egg the devil hatches his basilisks.

THE essentials of a watering-place may be alliteratively summed up thus:—Sea, salt, sun, sand, shrimps, shells, sailors, and shingle.

THE millionaire who threatened to cut off his heir with a shilling has since changed his mind, and had it cut off with a pair of scissors for sixpence.

THE following Italian proverb about womankind is popular among certain wretched bachelors south of the Alps:—

"Lazy if tall,
Cross-grained if small;
If handsome, vain,
Shocking if plain."

MERRY MOMENTS.

"I CAME near selling my boots the other day," said Scuttles to a friend. "How so?" "Well, I had them half-soled."

A HAPPY THOUGHT.—In "Paradise Lost" the devil calls his infernal legions "the flower of heaven." The old sinner probably means the flour of sulphur.

JUST SO.—You are disappointed when you go to dinner expecting to find a warm saddle of mutton, and get nothing but the cold shoulder.

ARE WE?—We are often harsh when we feel ourselves strong, and show indulgence only when we are painfully conscious that we are in need of it ourselves.

A PISCATORIAL PUN.—"Have you much fish in your bag?" asked a person of a fisherman. "Yes, there's a good eel in it," was the rather slippery reply.

A MATERNAL MEM.—At a recent railroad celebration the following sentiment was given:—"Our mothers—the only faithful tenders who never misplaced a switch."

A STYLISH young lady requested to see some lavender kid gloves. Puzzled by the variety, she ingeniously asked, "Which of those pairs are the lavenderest?"

A PIOUS PUN.—A man may declaim about religion without having much of it. It doesn't follow that a man's stomach is full of food because he talks with victuals in his mouth.

DIVES DIVESTED.—It is he who was born rich, not he who has made himself rich, that oftenest commits suicide; on the other hand, it is not the poor man, but he who has become poor, that kills himself.

MEAN MILKMAN.—The following is Aunt Betsy's description of her milkman:—"He is the meanest man in the world," she exclaimed. "He skims his milk on the top, then turns it over and skims the bottom."

WANT OF RESPECT.—A kiss on the forehead denotes respect and admiration; on the cheek, friendship; on the lips, love. The young men of our acquaintance have not much "respect" for young ladies.

A VEGETABLE COMPOUND.—"The man who raised a cabbage-head has done more good than all the metaphysics in the world," said a stump orator at a meeting. "Then," replied a wag, "your mother ought to have the premium."

POETIC JUSTICE.—A lady who had refused to give after hearing a charity sermon, had her pocket picked as she was leaving the church. On making the discovery, she said: 'God could not find the way to my pocket, but the devil did."

A THREE YEAR OLD SON of a clergyman, watching his mother making biscuit for tea one Sunday, asked her if it was not wicked to work on the Sabbath. Of course she said it was, and the logical little chap continued, "Oo'll catch it when 'oo get to Heaven."

AN ELEGANT ELEGY.

"The grass is green on Billy's grave,
The snow is on my brow,
But I remember still the night
When we two drove the cow!"

AN OVERSIGHT.—At a recent religious service in the Boston Theatre, the printed order of exercises contained this notice:—"N. B.—The audience are requested to remain in their seats until the grand transformation scene closes." The printer made a blunder.

NOT A FLATTERING LIKENESS.—Two friends meeting, one remarked:—"I have just met a man who told me I looked exactly like you." "Tell me who it was, that I may knock him down," replied his friend. "Don't trouble yourself," said he, "I did that myself, at once."

NOTES OF A KNOWING ONE.—A young lady's first love kiss has

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

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Notice.

☞ ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, April 20, 1868.

WE "owe the snow, the beautiful snow" a vote of thanks for at last disappearing, although it must be confessed that our streets present a dirty and black appearance owing to the absence of our usual Whiting. [That distant readers may not be befogged, it may be well to remark that Whiting is the name of the chief of our street cleaners. With this explanation, we trust that everybody sees it.—ED.] It is not safe to say pointedly that the spring season has really commenced, except so far as regards our rapacious hotel proprietors, who seem, by their extortionate charges, to consider themselves privileged to seize on all that comes in their way.....Broadway begins to look lovely with its living panorama of all that is beautiful and depraved, virtuous and vicious. Young girls think no more of strolling barefaced along the great thoroughfare than a newspaper reporter does of dining with Dickens. Nearly all the young girls of this city are connected with bands whose guilt is apparent at the slightest glance. [Referring, probably, to the gilt bands which encircle ladies' heads in the way of hair dressing.—ED.].....The week just ended was a very refreshing one for theatres and churches, each and all being large, if attended by saint and sinner, while manager and patron, by their benign aspect, seemed to have taken a new lease of life and so forth. "Money makes the mayor go," it is said, and "worth makes the man" go. [Mango is the name of a clever sized pickle which, when neatly stuffed, and eaten, makes the dinner of a hungry man go rapidly. We cannot say that there is any *extraordinary* merit in this effort. It is rather pun-y.—ED.].....We have so much to think of now-a-days that we forget a great deal that would be very entertaining to our readers. Our brain is tormented and our nights rendered sleepless by the wear and tear of a newspaper life. We get things terribly twisted. And this puts us in mind of some rhymes we promised ourselves to make on

NOMENTWISTICATION;
OR, THE ART OF DISTORTING NAMES.

It's very strange that now-a-days,
Odd notions quite upsetting,
The names of once familiar things
We're constantly forgetting;
Perhaps because of late we've quite
Exhausted our invention,
And there's no longer aught that's new
Or stirring worth the mention.

There was a time, when at the shows
Now called in print zoological,
A tame babboon was taught to ape
Men's ways with skill quite magical.
And when the humbug ceased to draw,
Still, further to bedevil us,
They changed his name to Chimpanzee,
And lastly, Cynocephalus.

The circus now is obsolete,
And those who would the *ton* do,
Now call it Amphitheatron,
And Hippotheatron, too;
The old magician's art appears
As Prestidigitation,
And for rope-turning now the term
Is Zamphlaerostation.

For "Actor," we'll hereafter read,
A Lingodemonstrator—
The "Manager," we'll call for short,
Theatricodictator;
E'en names professional might seem
By this same rule much plainer,
As Offenbachenoffenfun-
haffen-graffensteiner!

We don't know how you will get over that last spell, but trust that you will perceive its beauty. Talking of bad spelling puts us in mind of good reading, of which we have had quite a spell of late. And this calls up something we recently heard concerning Olive Logan, the readist. This lady was billed to read in Pitjus, Ohio, and a countryman passing stood in open-mouthed wonder before the large portraits of Olive in dramatic attitudes, which were on exhibition in front of the hall. Suddenly he turned to a bystander, and said:—"Say! Are they goin' to show them 'ere folks *alive* like that there?" [It is presumable that the countryman, not being very well versed in spelling, mistook the name *Olive* for *a live* show, and, with the natural curiosity peculiar to his race, innocently asked the question, probably to ascertain whether *he* was right, or the bills wrong. We do not think that the rural gentleman intended a joke. Had he been present we should have turned to the fair Olive, and exclaimed, in the language of Jessie Brown, "Dinna ye hear this, Logan?"—ED.].....'Our Jim" takes no man's dust in the way of making jokes, although it may be said, not egotistically, however, that he has ever had the benefit of *our* training in this respect. "Jim," it appears, *recently* spent an evening with the San Francisco Minstrels. Now whether "Jim" is a contributor to the Frisco quartet has been seeking fun at "Our Jim" and thereby excited his ire as he sat in the lower part of the house—although he could have sat ire by going up stairs—or whether "Jim" has an old grudge against sweet William, we are not in a position to declare. We deal in facts, and leave deductions to be made by those who have the time and disposition so to do. This much is true, however: "Jim" came before us in a very strange and excited manner, and "Jim" said, in so many words, "Why is Billy Birch like the Irish Giant?" Taken unawares—for we pride ourselves on solving difficult problems—we were forced to admit our inability to see anything worthy of consideration in the question. Says he, while from his eyes gleamed a shade of the vindictive nature of the callous creature, "*I'll* tell you why Billy Birch is like the Irish Giant. Because he's a bald 'un!" [We may here be permitted to remark, in order to make the thing clear, that O'Baldi is the name of the Irish Giant, while the chief attraction of the head of William Birch is devoid of a wealth of raven locks. Bald men will easily perceive the intended joke, because they don't have to "get it through their wool."—ED.].....The hungry men of Gotham went to see in a bold manner how Dickens takes his gruel. Leastwise, a number of hungry newspaper men, machinists, actors, and others whose "occupation is gone," like that of the green-eyed black Othello, contributed $15 each to a purse to be given to Mr. Delmonico, for which that gentleman guaranteed to provide a good and substantial dinner, to which Mr. Dickens was invited, and whereat he was put on the free list in consideration of his honoring the banquet with his presence. This *recherche* affair came off on the evening of Saturday, April 18th. "Everybody for the first scene" was called at 5 o'clock, sharp—probably because at that hour a man's appetite is sharp—and everybody put in an appearance at the hour designated excepting the invited guest, Charles Dickens. His absence was provocative of some hungry growling and thirsty mutterings. It might have been half an hour after time that Charles came up smiling, and then was everybody for the first scen coming up smiling. It is not our purpose to describe the dinner—we engaged a special reporter for that service, a gentleman whom we induced to "eat hearty" before entering the charmed circle, so that he could take notes while others past their savours to clams, shrimps, soft shell crabs, and the devouring element generally. Suffice it to say that the tables, as usual, "groaned beneath the weight of the good things provided," yea, not only groaned, but cursed and swore. The victuals seemed to be enjoyed. If there's anything New Yorkers excel in, it is in eating—though in drinking they're excelsior, too. "As we view now this scene so charming," we inwardly said, we could not but remark that many of the prominent characters around and about the guest reminded us greatly of some of that gentleman's own characters, although they would never have guessed it. We shall endeavor, in a few pensamble rhymes to show

DICKENS DINED BY HIS CHARACTERS.

That "looney" smile, that vacant stare,
That plump and apple face,
Those spectacles, that silvery hair,
That "mush and milk" grimace!
Why surely that one in the Chair
Is Pickwick.

Aha! good weather-beaten friend,
At times beside the Chair,
Though to Europe you don't tend
Europinion is "all square."
The bearing of the case, d'ye see,
Lies in its application,
And it is he, and it is he,
How are, Jack Bunsby?

What? You here, with spotless choker white—
Thou Worldly choker—mock stiff?
That neckarchief will soon be down—
They'll surely call you Podgeon.

Ah, goodly youth—aha, sweet sir,
Diurnal Fascinator,
A publisher who didn't know
A hawk e'en from Ahern-shaw!
What do you here? pray tell us now;
This, sir, will sure befall you:
Be sure that all, with slyest wink,
Fascination Fledgely call you.

Here come two jokists—whence, we say?
From Pa's or Mouquin's cellar?
Halpin in company with Shea—
But Charley Webb is Weller.

Oh, wirra, wirra! How is's, pray,
They're cut the Gordon knot?
How's't that J. G. B. can't give
Bennett-diction sweet and hot?
Now what's the reason *he* left out?
We really can't decypher,
Such messmates—stay, let us a bit,
They cannot think he's "Diver"!

This is all of this interesting poem that can be given in the current issue of the CLIPPER, but in another part of our paper will be found a well-digested dinner report, with trimmings. Many unkind things have been said against Mr. Dickens because he did not read in the woods of the western wilds. At Chicago, where it was expected he would by car go—but he didn't—they threw up his poor relations, and said many ridiculous things. Away out in Omaha they are singing "Omahart is sighing for him."

It is possible that Dickens—though frequently Bozzy, but not boozy—considers that, at this distant point of observation, "absinthe lends enchantment to the view?".....Curiosities are multiplying. We have seen a steam man, and likewise a man *steamphut* a suspicious looking countryman informed us only last Saturday that he had seen a horse-*fly* over the Hudson, while his verdant companion insisted that *he* saw a corduroy *rode*. We can't make it out. Why there's a showman here who says he is about to bring out a juggler who can make a peculiar kind of ink-*stand*. It's ink-redible!.....Sufficient unto the day is the good thereof, and now we shall turn our attention to matters of fact instead of fancy.

EUGENE AND UNSWORTH, who once helped to amuse New York and its surroundings, but who have been absent several years in Europe, were to have sailed on the 11th inst. for New York, per steamship Scotia. They are engaged to open with Bryants' Minstrels, at their new hall in Fourteenth street, in May. May they meet with a hearty welcome, and come well freighted with novelties.

CHARLES FISHER, a popular New York favorite, who has been off the boards for a long time in consequence of illness, will make his re-appearance at Wallack's Theatre this evening as the Major, in Tom Taylor's drama of "Henry Dunbar." The many friends of this gentleman will be gratified to learn of his return to the profession of which he is such a worthy member.

GEORGE BONIFACE succeeds Fanny Herring at the Old Bowery, opening this evening in "Jack Cade." Mr. Boniface will doubtless do well, for he has hosts of admirers on the eastern slope.

BATEMAN continues to prosper with the "Belle Helene" at the French Theatre. It is probable the season will close with the close of April, in which event the trouse will go a-traveling.

RETIREMENT OF WILLIAM WHEATLEY.—Although we stated a short time ago that Manager Wheatley was about to sever his connection with his present associates in business, and commence the next season with Shakespearean revivals, yet circumstances have since induced a change, and after forty-two years of active service in the dramatic world as actor and manager, Mr. Wheatley retires on the 1st of September, having on the 11th inst. disposed of his interest in the management of Niblo's Garden to his present partners, Messrs. Harry Jarrett and Harry Palmer—the latter gentleman having been interested in the management only since the production of the "Black Crook." These gentlemen, it is said, have paid Mr. Wheatley $100,000 for all his interest in that establishment, and take charge on the 1st of September on a three years lease, with an annual rental of $36,000. For over forty-two years has Mr. Wheatley been identified with the history of the American drama, having made his *debut*, as a child, at the Park Theatre, in this city, in 1826, as Albert to Macready's William Tell. His progress was so rapid that in a short time he occupied the position of leading light comedian of the first theatre in America, filling the most comprehensive line of general acting that perhaps any actor ever did on the stage. Before leaving his twenty-first year he was the stage manager of the old National Theatre, Leonard and Church streets, this city. After this he became identified with theatricals in Philadelphia, being ten years at the Walnut Street Theatre. The company engaged there during his first season was composed of some of the best performers ever brought together. It was as follows:—Charlotte and Susan Cushman, Alexina Fisher, Mrs. Jones, William Blake, Hadaway, Henkens, E. L. Davenport, Chippendale, Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder, and Mrs E. N. Thayer. On the 24th of March, 1851, he retired from the stage and soon after had the honor of raising the first American flag on the shore of Lake Nicaragua, at Virgin Bay, but reappeared on the stage after two years. In August, 1853, he associated himself with the late lamented John Drew in the management of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and remained there until the close of the season of 1860-1, when the Arch when it was absolutely run into the ground through bad management, but soon made it the leading theatre of the country. He then tried his hand at the Continental in that city, but failed to make it pay. He then directed his attention to this city, and, in company with others, took Niblo's Garden, and has, by his indomitable perseverance, made it a leading theatre of America. He opened Niblo's Garden in April, 1862, and his industry, taste, talent and energy have always commanded the highest success. As a manager he has proved himself possessed of great judgement, tact and skill. He produced a piece not to satisfy a few, but the million, and in doing so threw around it all that is advantageous to art, all that was analagous to the subject, and everything essential to carry out the first object of the stage, which is "To hold, as twere, the mirror up to nature." In the production of spectacles he has proved himself to be one of the most enterprising and liberal managers we have ever had in this city. As a light comedian he has never been excelled on the American stage. A total absence of jealousy towards rising actors always made him popular with his brother professionals. His style of acting, in his day, was vivid, original and impressive, the product of genius, improved by taste and study. Notwithstanding Mr. Wheatley retires with a competency sufficient to last him during the remainder of his days, yet a host of his friends desire to extend him a grand complimentary benefit before he takes his final leave of a profession that he has so long adorned.

THE WORRELL SISTERS re-opened their bijou theatre on the 13th inst., with the burlesque of "Paris and Helen," which is a burlesque on a burlesque, a most difficult thing to accomplish successfully. As we have previously noticed the improvements made in the theatre, we will merely state that it is now one of the neatest fitted up and most pleasant little places of amusement in the city. The house was densely crowded on the opening night, and continued good throughout the week. As a burlesque "Paris and Helen" is by no means a success, as it does not possess one really good pun. It is, however, free from vulgarity, and has some of the best and sprightliest music Offenbach affords. It is further enlivened by song, duet and dance. Although the burlesque has some pretty good rhymes, the puns are so far fetched that the audience fail to catch them in time. The general mounting of the burlesque reflects the highest credit on the taste and skill of the management. The dresses and decorations are rich and brilliant. As regards the scenery, it is, considering the size of the house, all that could be desired. The apotheosis at the end of the piece is in itself very handsome. It was received with great applause, and every song and dance was *encored*, to the great and sometimes ludicrous discomfiture of the overtaxed performers in general, and Miss Sophie Worrell in particular. The Worrell Sisters dressed magnificently, and danced and sang with so much vivacity as to draw down loud marks of popular gratification. Jennie had very little to do, but was sprightly, agile and full of dash. Irene, who was well made up for the Part of Paris, was satisfactory in the *role*. James Dunn was a clever representative of Menelaus, and Welsh Edwards made a comic Calchas. George Lingard, Villa, Hurley and Corrister, made the most of unimportant parts. The choruses were effectively given, and the orchestra did justice to Offenbach's music. "Paris and Helen" ought to enjoy a run.

THE NEW YORK CIRCUS on Fourteenth street closes its season in this city on the 25th inst., and takes the road on the 27th for its summer campaign, traveling by railroad. The "New York" commenced its present season on the 25th of October last, and up to the present it has been the most successful of any previous one, the attendance being very good, and on repeated occasions so great that many persons have been unable to obtain even standing room. This has been the case since the Cynocephalus put in an appearance. Manager Lent is fully deserving of all this, for he has given us one of the best equestrian and gymnastic entertainments witnessed in this city for a long time. His company, composed as it is of first-class artists in their different lines of business, has from time to time been strengthened by some of the best talent that could be procured in England. During the season he introduced to us the great John Henry Cooke, as he is called, a graceful and finished equestrian. Then came Pfau, the Russian gymnast, whose daring performances on the three flying trapeze have never been excelled in this country. Lucille Watson came next in a dashing act of equestrianism. She is at present one of the best riders that enters a sawdust ring, and being young, bids fair to become a still better rider. The next feature was Harry Williams, an English clown. Without any great flourish of trumpets as to his wonderful abilities, he was permitted by the management to appear and win on his merits. From his opening night he has been flatteringly received, and pronounced one of the best clowns we have had in this city for some time. The latest and most successful *debut* has been that of the Cynocephalus, who has proved one of the most attractive cards that Mr. Lent has yet offered. With some few changes in the company Mr. Lent takes the road, and will have one of the best equipped circuses, in every respect, of any that travels.

MR. LINGARD continues to be the great attraction at the Theatre Comique, where his entertainment is attracting crowded audiences. Lon, the original Mephistopheles, with the corks-up, reappeared on the 14th. A slight change occurred in the management of this house last week, Sam Sharpley disposing of his interest—which extends to the first of May—to Sandy Spencer, at which time the present lease expires, and the probability is another popular Broadway manager will become interested in this establishment.

JOE MURPHY commences an engagement on the bone end this evening with Kelly and Leon's Minstrels, while Nelse Seymour lays off for a brief rest. Mr. Murphy has been considered the champion bone player of America since the retirement of William Smith. In consequence of the illness of Leon, the burlesque of the "Grand Dutch S" was not performed on the 11th and 13th inst., but with his recovery on the 14th was given to a crowded house. Business continues first rate with this party. The season will shortly terminate, as the management intend to take a traveling tour of the circuit, during which time great improvements will be made in the hall.

MOSES FISKE, FRANK LAWLER, MR. AND MRS. GOMERSAL and others of the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, arrived in this city during the past week.

ANNE E. BILLINGHAM, W. N. Decker, G. W. Marcellus, C. H. Thompson and Frank Rooney, late of Brooke and Fyffe's dramatic company, who went to the West Indies last fall, arrived in this city on the 10th inst.

THE RECONSTRUCTED "WHITE FAWN" was presented on the 13th inst., at Niblo's Garden, and attracted one of the largest audiences of the season. The first noticeable improvement is that of the music, which is now in the hands of Howard Glover, a recent addition. The prologue and first act, with the exception of two new songs by Mark Smith and Lizzie Wilmore, composed by Mr. Glover, remain unchanged. The reconstruction commences in the second act with the *corps de ballet* in new costumes and a comic *ballet* entitled the "Loves of Martha and Lionel," by Sohlke, Van Hamme and *corps de ballet*, which finishes with the Can Can by Sohlke and Van Hamme. This is followed by a characteristic *ballet* by Costa, entitled the "Farragut Matelot," danced by Bonfanti, dressed very handsomely in a blue satin skirt and pants and a neat little tarpaulin, also twenty ladies of the ballet in navy blue suits, each lady holding a miniature satin flag. The tableau is very handsomely arranged, consisting of the *ballet* in a canvas boat, while the scene withdraws, disclosing what is called "Neptune's Daughters at the Bath." It is so far the most effective and best arranged *ballet* we have ever seen, as the beauties of the colored lights are used to great advantage. This closes the second act, and is a great improvement. The third act is also considerably changed. The opening scene is the Palace of Atka, in which is introduced a comic dance by Bonfanti, Costa, Van Hamme and others, called "Jealousy." This is capitally executed. Then comes a march by seven giants, about twelve feet high, and a large number of children. Sohlke re-appears in the Hungarian Csarda, originally executed by her while in the De Pol troupe at Banvard's Museum, and which was heartily applauded. Military movements, tableaux, and tactics were then indulged in by fifty-two ladies dressed in full uniform, who marched with great precision an I presented one of the most correct drills we have yet witnessed on any stage. It must have required considerable time and patience to have made them work so harmoniously together. Franklin Schlager, a young lady about fifteen or sixteen years of age—but who is advertised as only ten years of age, and as the pupil of Fanny Elbsler—then appeared in a dance. She is a clever little *danceuse* for one of her years, but we already have several in the country no older than she that are her equal. There appeared a desire to make her great whether she was or not, as she was showered with bouquets. After the restoration of the loves of Prince Leander and Princess Graceful by the good fairy, the act closed for the transformation scene, and it was quarter to one before the performance was over. The new additions are a decided improvement in every respect, and the "White Fawn" is more attractive now than on its first representation. The audience appreciate the changes made in the music by Mr. Glover, by applauding him throughout the performance. Bonfanti continues to be the favorite with the *claqueurs*, but the dancing of Sohlke was more enthusiastically applauded by the audience, who appreciate the true artist. Bonfanti has not improved since the first week she appeared in the "Crook."

LEO HUDSON proposes visiting France, Germany and England shortly, professionally, accompanied by Fred Lubin as business manager.

MISS E. V. PROVEDOOT is to give a dramatic and musical entertainment at Dodworth Hall on Tuesday evening, April 21st. She will be assisted by several ladies and gentlemen in recitations and songs, the whole forming quite an interesting entertainment. Miss Provedoot will read selections from "Macbeth," and appear as Constance to Mr. E. Ten Eyck's Wildrake in the "Love Chase."

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTREL HALL is a highly popular resort, and certainly Messrs. Birch, Wambold, Bernard and Backus conduct the affairs with remarkable spirit. The style of entertainment they present differs in many respects from that of other minstrels, and is highly amusing. With but very few changes the programme for the current week continues the same as that of the past. The burlesque of "Under the Kerosene Lamp," which has been played for several weeks, continues on the bills.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, one of the most popular places on the east side of the city, has an attractive programme for the present week. The first noticeable feature is a new local drama from the prolific pen of that prolific author, John F. Poole, entitled the "Dry Goods Clerks of New York." We thought "Our Jim" was a fast youth, grinding out as he does every week stuff enough to make a five act play, but our friend Poole actually manufactures an entire three act drama each week. Charles Vivian, comic vocalist, joins the Pastor flock this evening, and gives the east siders a taste of his comic vocalism. Tony Pastor's troupe of performing dogs and monkeys also appear.

PROF. HILTON, ventriloquist, late with the Hanlon Combination, commences an engagement at the Theatre Comique this evening. Kelly and Holly, clog dancers, also appear. A new burlesque, by Charley White and Josh Hart, is one of the acts to be produced this evening.

J. BLAMPIN, author of some of the most popular ballads of the day, in negro minstrelay, arrived in this city from England on the 16th inst.

CROWDED AUDIENCES every evening, and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, witness the pantomimic performances of "Humpty Dumpty" at the Olympic Theatre, which, up to the present writing, has proved to be the most successful pantomime ever produced in this city. Such a variety of attractions was never before witnessed in a pantomime. Independent of the comicalities and tricks of clown, pantaloon, and harlequin, a *ballet* is introduced, bringing into requisition some of the best dancers at present on the American stage. Then we have a skating tournament, a fancy dancing by Carrie Augusta Moore and F. T. Goodrich, assisted by a host of auxiliaries. All through the pantomime the scenery has been executed by first class artists, and reflects credit upon all interested. The transformation scene is a magnificent affair.

GRISWOLD, the "Fat Contributor," was in the city all the past week.

MRS. FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE is to give four readings this week, at Steinway Hall. On the 21st, she reads "King Henry the Fifth;" on Wednesday "morning," 22d, "Twelfth Night;" on the 24th, "Much Ado About Nothing;" and on Saturday morning, 25th, "Romeo and Juliet." Those who have not attended this lady's readings have certainly missed a most pleasing intellectual repast.

THE "ASSOCIATED ARTISTS" gave a few operatic performances at the Academy of Music during the past week. We don't believe they *lost* anything. Jaquascheck, the German actress, opens at this house on the 23d for a season of five performances.

HISTORY is to be restored to the French Theatre, opening there on May 2d, under Mr. Gran's management.

BERNARD WILLIAMS and wife are playing an engagement under their own direction at the Broadway Theatre.

AN ORIGINAL ROMANTIC DRAMA is in preparation at Wallack's. It is to be hoped that it will prove more attractive than other new pieces offered at this house during the season.

THE INTERNAL REVENUE.—The gross receipts of the different places of amusement in this city as returned to the different Collectors of the Internal Revenue department for the months January, February and March, foot up as follows:—

	NIBLO'S GARDEN.				
January	$36,155	February	$34,735	March	$37,351
	OLYMPIC THEATRE.				
January	$21,171	February	$22,812	March	$36,573
	WALLACK'S THEATRE.				
January	$29,572	February	$23,167	March	$36,553
	BOWERY OPERA HOUSE.				
January	$20,421	February	$15,615	March	$13,030
	NEW YORK THEATRE.				
January	$14,317	February	$ 8,804	March	$ 6,695
	WINTER GARDEN THEATRE.				
Jan (Bateman)	$12,932	February	$13,183	March	$25,106
Jan (Grau)	$ 8,444				
	SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.				
January	$ 9,130	February	$ 8,000	March	$ 7,500
	KELLEY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS.				
January	$ 3,250	February	$ 8,765	March	$ 9,927
	BOWERY OPERA HOUSE.				
Jan. (Richings)	$ 3,328	February	$12,653	March	$ 2,650
	THEATRE COMIQUE.				
January	$11,330	February	$ 5,112	March	$ 4,989
	TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE.				
January	$ 7,251	February	$ 6,300	March	$ 6,053
	BUTLER'S AMERICAN THEATRE.				
January	$ 4,396	February	$ 4,399	March	no returns
	OLYMPIC CIRCUS.				
January	$23,422	February	$25,114	March	$21,863

As will be seen by the above returns from Niblo's the "White Fawn" was very attractive the first six weeks, while the receipts for the month of March where $15,000 less than the month of February. "Humpty Dumpty" was produced at the Olympic on March 30th, and the receipts for one month, less one performance, were $49,813 50, including ten matinees, the receipts of which were $8,022 50.

JOHN SPELLMAN GOODMAN died in this city on the 8th inst. His body was conveyed to Baltimore the following day for interment. Mr. Goodman was born in Baltimore in 1838, and commenced his career in the profession as an amateur. His first public appearance took place at the Front Street Theatre, in his native city, under Ludwig's management. He afterwards played at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati. Made his appearance in this city at Wood's Theatre (now Theatre Comique) in De Walden's play of the "Balloon Wedding." He afterwards became attached to the Broadway Theatre, and was a member of that company up to his death. He played the night previous the *role* of Chilwell in "Our American Cousin At Home," and created considerable merriment among the auditors, but little did they know what was brewing within, for at that moment he was in the last stage of consumption, and on the following day he breathed his last. Mr. Goodman possessed many amiable qualities, which endeared him to his friends. His last moments were rendered pleasant by the attention of devoted friends.

E. LAMB, who has been performing in Washington, D. C., returned to this city last week. He has been secured for the Park Theatre, Brooklyn.

MESSRS. RIVERS & CO., so long proprietors and managers of the dramatic temple in Houston street, make their usual proclamation in this week's CLIPPER, by which it will be seen that they are agents for stars and others, and are prepared to fulfil the wants of managers and people.

E. L. DAVENPORT takes a farewell benefit at the Academy of Music, April 30th, and sails the following day for California, accompanied by his wife and child. Mr. Davenport is one of the best Shakespearian actors on the American stage, his Hamlet and Damon having a better representative on our boards. Like many other real artists, he has been rather unfortunate, owing principally to his not being properly managed. Success attend him on the Pacific Slope.

THOMPSON AND RIGGS, dramatic agents of this city, advertise in this week's CLIPPER for the address of managers and performers in every branch of the profession. For particulars see their card elsewhere.

Dramatic.

THE LITTLE ROCK, ARK., Theatre, which has been opened by a dramatic company, is said to be flourishing. The company consists of T. L. Connor, S. H. Hubbard, G. S. Gray, Frank B. Loder, Geo. W. Mitchell, J. T. Hinds, J. H. Herbert, Morisson and Nelson; Miss Addie Reese, Bettie Gray, Jenny Gray, and Mrs. J. Nelson. The week commencing April 6 opened with "Lady of Lyons," followed on the 7th by "Corsican Brothers," which kept the boards four nights. On Saturday, 11th, "Nick of the Woods," with Connor as the Jibbenainosay, was given. April 13th, "Fanchon," with Miss Reese as the Cricket, was the bill. It is the intention of the management to proceed from Little Rock to Hot Springs during the hot whether.

T. W. KERNE, leading man, who has recently been performing at Chillicothie, O., and who has been highly spoken of by the Cincinnati *Commercial*, may be engaged for the forthcoming season by Manager Ford, as per his advertisement.

A FIRST CLASS VARIETY THEATRE is to be opened in Evansville, Ind., on or about May 1st, we understand, Major Shook, an ancient western theatrical manager, and John L. Barrett, comedian, to be the proprietors. They calculate to engage the necessary talent to give first class performances, consisting of comedy, farce, ballet, pantomime, negro minstrelsy, etc., and of course look forward to liberal patronage by the Evansvillians.

A FIRST CLASS VARIETY TROUPE appeared in Monmouth, Ill., on the 9th and 10th inst.

JENNY HIGHT'S DRAMATIC COMPANY was advertised to open in Monmouth, Ill., on the 20th inst.

THE HALLIE ARLINGTON DRAMATIC COMPANY, under the direction of Mrs. Jane English, gave an entertainment at Milford, Mass., on the 14th inst. The bill presented was "Fanchon," with Miss Hallie Arlington in the title *role*. A correspondent says:—"Miss Arlington is a talented little actress, but some of her stage business is not good; J. H. Warren as Landry played the part well; Henri Rivers as Father Barbeaud was good, especially in the 5th act in his scene with Fanchon; Mrs. English was good as she always is, and deserves credit for her fine rendition of Mother Barbeaud."

T. S. HERNDON and lady advertise in this week's CLIPPER for an engagement.

IN NEW ORLEANS the Academy of Music had it pretty well to itself during the week ending April 11th, and business was from fair to middling only. Our correspondent, "Frank," says:—"Manager Bidwell took the reins in his hands on Monday, 6th, and everything seemed to go somewhat smoother. Mr. Bidwell's arrival must be quite a relief to Dr. Spalding, who has been obliged to attend to the management of both places of academy here, and Olympic in St. Louis. Dutrizac's 'Three Eras' kept the boards all the past week, and Dick Parker, Add Ryman, Harry Bloodgood, Billy Carter, Luke Schoolcraft, Ned Banker, Alfred Stewart and Delehanty and Hengler succeeded in pleasing their audiences with some of their specialties. M'lle Amalia Carnaggia, Lucia and Sallie Clinetop, and *corps de ballet* did a new *ballet*. Misses Adel St. Clair and Nellie Taylor sang some new ballads in their own good style. Miss Madeline Hardy put in an appearance on the 9th, and sang a serio comic song. Master Willie Seymour also appeared with a comic song. C. D. Dauber's new burlesque, 'The Grand Duchess of Alaska and Black Fawn of America,' is up for production on Monday, April 13th.....At the Olympic business was good the past week. Lillie Beckett took a benefit on the 9th, and appeared as 'Nan, the Good for Nothing.' A very good house was in attendance. The following is a list of the company engaged at this establishment:—E. D. Gooding, John Porter, J. B. Cummings, Eugene F. Gorman, Chas. Shelly and Ned Straight; Misses Doly Mayling, Katie Mayling, M'lle Louisette, Lillie Beckett and Susie Starr. They have ceased to underline Bob Hart at this house."

CRISP'S DRAMATIC COMPANY left Bryan City, Texas, on the 1st inst., and opened in Brenham, Texas, on the 3rd inst. to a crowded house, the admission being one dollar in specie to all parts of the house. The company were to remain there until the 7th, and go thence to Lagrange, *en route* for Austin. "Richard the Third" was performed on the 6th with Sig. Tornese in a harp solo. Shades of Booth, Kean and Macready! Ed. Bohn, comedian, lately joined the company.

HARRY RICHMOND and Dolly Ingersoll are traveling through Texas, giving readings.

EDWIN COLES' DRAMATIC COMPANY opened at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, on the 14th inst., in "Under the Gaslight." The house is said to have been crowded, and Lizzie Cooper is favorably spoken of by the press of that city.

THE GROSS RECEIPTS of the places of amusement in San Francisco for the month of February are reported as follows:—Metropolitan, $17,146; Opera House, $15,773; Temple of Music, $7,142; Olympic, $5,185; Bella Union, $3,304; Chinese Theatre, $3,594; Anatomical, $458.

THE RICHMOND, VA., THEATRE is advertised for rent, as will be seen by a card elsewhere.

ALICE ROSSBURY opened an engagement in Indianapolis, Ind., on the 13th inst., in the "Child of the Savanna." The performance was slightly marred by the non-appearance of Mr. Brink, who was cast for one of the leading characters. Mr. Pope, the manager, was compelled to read the part. It is stated that Mr. Brink sent no word or apology to the manager for his non-appearance. This is the third member of the company that has within a few weeks been too "indisposed" to play.

THE NEW JERSEY dramatic troupe were at Scranton, Pa., on the 15th inst., and were to remain the balance of the week.

C. T. NICHOLS, leading heavy man, advertises for an engagement.

THINGS THEATRICAL IN CHICAGO are thus reported by our correspondent "Loiterer," under date of April 15:—"Theatricals have not improved much since my last. 'Uriel Acosta' was withdrawn from the boards of the Opera House to give place to the 'Grand Duchesse.' Mr. Gotthold was the recipient of a complimentary benefit on the 10th instant, when, in addition to the regular bill, Miss Blanche De Bar appeared as Catherine in the 'Comical Countess,' and appeared with better advantage to herself than in the *role* of Judith. Mr. Gotthold will make the circuit of the principal Western cities with 'Uriel Acasta' and 'Hamlet.' Mr. G. R. Radcliffe, of his company, who recently gave such a capital rendition of Wool in the 'Hidden Hand,' left for Detroit last night to join Barney Macauley's company. With the advent of the 'Grand Duchesse,' business at Crosby's revives, and Billy Warren will show a better balance sheet this week than for the three weeks preceding. The company, aside from M'lle Lambele and Mons. Deere (Fritz,) is very light, and the success of the opera lies with the composer and not the rendition as given by this company. The dresses are not as elegant as the public expected to see, and the make up of Gen. Boum is very faulty. The acting and by play is funny, and the audience are kept in good humor throughout. It is expected they will produce 'La Belle Helene' next week, and introduce the De Pol *Ballet* Troupe.....Dora still holds the boards at the Museum, and is followed this week by the 'Two Puddifoots' for the after piece. 'Dora' has proved one of the greatest successes of the season in point of excellence of portrayal. Mr. W. J. Lemoyne as 'Farmer Allen' has achieved a great success. The scenic effects produced in 'Dora' are a great credit to Mr. D. C. Waugh, the scenic artist, the wheat-field scene being especially good. 'Dora' will probably run all next (this) week.....The Florences took their final leave of the Chicago public on Saturday evening last, and Monday evening Maggie Mitchell appeared as Fanchon, supported by J. W. Collier. Last night 'Pearl of Savoy.' To-night, 'Little Barefoot.' 'Fanchon' will be repeated for her benefit, and on Monday, 20th, she will produce her new play 'Lorle.' Business has somewhat improved with the house since she appeared.....Manager McVicker's income return this year as published in the city papers shows the snug sum of $48,544."

OUR CALIFORNIA ADVICES are to March 25, and the principal items of news are thus recorded by our correspondent:—"Theatrical excitements follow one another so fast here that it is difficult to keep pace with them—Lawrence Barrett has thus far appeared thirty-two nights at Maguire's Opera House, in thirteen different characters, and sixteen times as Elliott Gray in 'Rosedale.' Each night that this drama was presented the house was crowded, and I think the piece was injudiciously withdrawn to give place to

lecture on Woman's Rights, his Nasby Sermon, and his Conjugal Lesson, or the Candle Lecture, are cleverly rendered. Miss Ellen Nash renders Mr. Burnett efficient aid. Mr. Burnett was to remain in the City of Magnificent Distances but six nights.

MANAGERS OF THEATRES, actors, actresses, *danceuses*, cantatrices, minstrels, comedians, agents, and all persons connected with or anxious to attach themselves to the amusement cause in the western section of Uncle Sam's domain, should address Messrs. Davis & Co., according to instruction given in their proclamations published in our advertising columns.

OLIVE LOGAN, at last advices, was leisurely gleaning in the State of Ohio the fruits of her well earned reputation in her new sphere. She appeared in Urbana, O., on the 13th; London, 16th, and expected this week to move into Indiana. Since Miss Logan began her "Stage Struck" career, she has found a good many thorns in her path, some big and some little, spite of the success of her lecture. Out of thirty-two nights in different towns, twenty-six have been stormy and forbidding. Then her agent fell ill in Washington, and she had to go on without him. At Columbus the Mayor (Mayor Bull) arrested her for not paying a license just as she was leaving town. At Bellefontaine the owner of a rival hall took revenge on her for not patronizing him, by calling on the Mayor of that town to send the Marshal after her with a warrant, when she was actually aboard the cars, with her baggage checked, and a license had to be paid again.

THERE WAS A PANIC in Melodeon Hall, Bellefontaine, O., a few nights since, at a school exhibition. Some hay on the stage took fire during a tableau, and there was a rush for the door. The entrance was narrow, up three flights of stairs, and the door opened inwardly. The crowd pressed against it, screaming and shouting, and couldn't get out. Fortunately the fire was extinguished at once, or the consequence would have been a frightful disaster.

THEATRICAL PEOPLE, and those who like to trip it on the light fantastic toe, can procure boots, shoes, pumps, sandals, etc., of Henry C. Tripple, of Philadelphia, Pa., whose address is given in our advertising columns.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE performed at Mozart Hall, Burlington, Iowa, on the 6th and 11th inst., to good houses. From thence the Plexarians were to go to Mount Pleasant 13th and 14th; Fairfield, 15th; Ottumwa, 16th and 17th; Des Moines, 18th and 20th; Newton, 21st; Iowa City, 22d and 23d; Muscatine, 24th and 25th; and Davenport, 27th and 28th.

W. C. WEBB is a young man who advertises for a position as assistant agent.

THEATRICAL GOODS are always in great demand, and we are asked daily where they are to be procured, a question that is always answered in our advertising columns. The parties last, but not least, that have taken advantage of the CLIPPER as a medium through which to make known their business, are Messrs. Horstmann Brothers & Allien, who are always ready to supply laces, spangles, swords, brocades, jewelry, etc. Those in the profession wishing to procure these and other things should send to them for a circular.

AN AGENT signing himself R. B. H. advertises in the CLIPPER for a position.

CHURCH AND STAGE.—A series of "parlor entertainments" has begun in the St. James Methodist Church in New Brunswick, N. J., the edifice in which the Rev. Mr. Tyng preached against the remonstrance of Messrs. Stubbs and Boggs. The pastor, Dr. Tiffany, originated the idea, and among the readings given last week were "David Copperfield," Hood's "Song of the Shirt," Scott's "Marmion," and Tennyson's "May Queen."

SHARP, magician and ventriloquist, was at Huntingdon, Pa., April 15th.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS was to have opened with his magic illuminated tableaux at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, on the 12th inst.

CHARLES J. BIERMAN is the publisher of a work on jig and clog dancing without a master. See advertisement.

SAM. COLLYER'S COMBINATION appears in New Brunswick, N. J., on the 22d inst.

The Opera House Pittsburgh, Pa., may be rented from June 1st to August 1st, on application as per advertisement.

THE PAREPA-ROSA concert company were advertised for Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., April 20th.

PROF. J. M. MACALLISTER, the magician, held forth in Auburn, N. Y., all the past week.

H. J. SARGENT, the magician, had possession of the Charleston (S. C.) theatre the past week.

OLE BULL appears at Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., April 23d.

THE LA GRANGE AND BRIGNOLI OPERA TROUPE are billed for the 21st inst. at Auburn, N. Y.

THE LUBIN BROTHERS, experts in the art of constructing magical and sleight of hand machinery, advertise in this week's CLIPPER.

OLE BULL concertizes in Harlem, N. Y., on the 21st inst.

"PROMENADING BROADWAY" is the title of a new song by Saul Sertrew. See advertisement.

A MUSEUM wagon, made by Fielding & Co., and nearly new, is advertised for sale in this week's CLIPPER, by John Heffron.

PROF. HASELMAYER performs in Lancaster, Pa., on the 20th, 21st and 22d inst.

C. AMORY BRUCE, professionally known as "Ye Working Agent," has left the Wilder and Wilkie Japs, and is at present in this city. Charles S. Wood is his successor.

L. W. SEAVEY & Co., scenic artists, have on their frames a complete set of scenery for a "Gaslight" party, which takes the road next week. See advertisement.

LOGRENIA, under the management of Mr. C. P. Sherman, opens on the 22d inst., at the St. James' Hall, Buffalo, N. Y.

GRISWOLD, the "Pat Contributor," lectures in Fredonia, N.Y., on the 30th inst.

SHELBY AND REYNOLDS' COMBINATION went up at Fort Wayne, Ind., on the 18th inst., and some of the company have gone elsewhere, while others remain in Fort Wayne without funds to get away.

THREE MONSTER GORILLAS, calculated as being attractions for a museum, are advertised for sale in another column by J. Bruce.

MAGICAL APPARATUS is manufactured by H. Stone. For address, etc., *vide* advertisement.

JULIAN BREBAN'S Swiss Bell Ringers, which company includes Geo. A. Florance as musical director, and Julian Breban as manager and sole proprietor, besides a half a dozen entertaining and accomplished musicians, performed at Stroudsburg, Pa., on the 17th and 18th inst., from whence they were to go to Carbondale and Honesdale.

MISS JENNY BURK gave a concert at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, on the 16th inst., assisted by Mr. E. F. Hall, baritone; Mr. Dungnickle, Prof. Rose, and others. The weather was unfavorable, but a large audience enjoyed a rich musical treat.

AT THE Maryland Institute, Baltimore, Blind Tom, the pianist, has decided to remain another week.

ALF BURNETT, the humorist, opens at Sanderson's Opera House, Baltimore, on the 20th inst., assisted by Miss Helen Nash.

FITZSIMMONS, the sensational author and actor, starts out shortly from Baltimore, for the "tenting season," under a complete canvas, seating over a thousand persons. He will present the sensational horse drama, with a dramatic troupe and a carefully selected olio department. Mr. Kernan, proprietor of the Baltimore Opera House, is one of the partners, and Mr. Morton, of the same hall, will be the stage manager.

CHARLES H. DAY has got a ballet in the CLIPPER this week, as usual, by which he makes known the catalogue of songs, plays, comicalities, etc., of which he is the publisher. CLIPPER readers should not fail to peruse said bulletin.

ALF BURNETT, who is now in Baltimore, Md., appears on May 4th and 5th in Clarksburg, Va. He has accepted a two weeks' engagement at Lon Morris' Opera House, Boston, commencing June 15th.

MR. GEORGE CLAIR, professor of elocution, gave "Mrs. Candle's Curtain Lectures" to a large audience, in Troy, N. Y., on the 13th inst. On the 26th inst. he was to deliver his new lecture upon "The Invisible Characters of Shakespeare."

Amateur.

THE SHAKESPEARE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, performed the "Ticket of Leave Man," with the afterpiece of "Parents and Guardians," on the 16th.

THE BOOTHERIAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, played the "Ticket of Leave Man" and "The Rough Diamond" on 16th. Our correspondent says:—"Mr. St. Leger, as Brierly, did better than I have ever seen him do before. Mr. Thomas, as Jim Dalton, was good. Mr. P. Francis, as Hawkshaw, fairly out-did himself. In fact, I cannot but speak well of each and every one in the play. The 'Rough Diamond' was cast as follows:—Sir Wm. Evergreen, Mr. T. Collins; Plato, Mr. Sherlock; Blenheim, Mr. Perry; Cousin Joe, Mr. G. L. Barclay; Margery, Miss Baker; Lady Plato, Miss Seymoure. The characters, with the exception of Mr. Collins and Mr. Barclay, were not well sustained."

THE WASHINGTON DRAMATIC CLUB, of the "City of Magnificent Distances," gave a performance of the "Irish Emigrant" and "Meg's Diversion," at Wall's Opera House, on the 16th inst. A correspondent sends us the following notice of the performance:—"In the latter piece Mr. Newton, as Jeremy Crow; Mr. Rathbone, as Ashley Merton, and Mr. Coonrod, as Eytem, enacted their parts in good style. The make-up of Mr. Coonrod, as the lawyer, was noteworthy. The feminine portion was well presented, with one exception. In the 'Irish Emigrant' all did well, the acting of Mr. Donohue and Miss Hamilton deserving special commendation."

THE SHERIDAN HISTRIONIC CLUB appeared at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 16th inst., in "The Gun Maker of Moscow," and "The Idiot Witness," Mr. Dennis O'Reilley sustaining the principal character in both pieces. "The Iron Mask" and "Irish Tiger" were produced on the 17th, with Mr. O'Reilley as Gaston. This club is spoken of as a talented organization, and presented the above pieces in a creditable manner. They were assisted by Miss N. Davenport, Mrs. Fred Williams and Mrs. Candoner.

Foreign Show News.

WOLVES IN THE ARENA.—An extraordinary performance was recently announced at the Paris Cirque. A family of wolves were to appear in the arena, in company with a little child of three years old, whom the public were informed the amiable beasts take pleasure in licking. The second act was to consist in the appearance of the child's father wearing a necklace of raw meat to be torn from his neck by the animals. This pleasing spectacle was summarily "squelched" by an order from the Prefect of Police.

FAST.—A young actress in Paris set her dress on fire from a bowl of blazing punch, was put out with a wet blanket, and returned to finish her performance after a change of costume.

ROSSINI, still living in good health at Paris, has a birthday but once in four years. On the 29th of February he celebrated his nineteenth birthday—his age is seventy-six—by a leap-year dinner party.

PARIS has a new lady violinist, Madame Norman Neruda, who is said to be equal to Paganini. She was born at Prague, educated at Vienna, and married a Swede. She is 28 years of age, and appeared in a concert when only seven.

MADAME VOLNYE, on retiring from the St. Petersburg stage, played grandmother in a piece where she had once taken the character of the infant.

THE LONDON THEATRES.—Among the novelties announced for production during Easter week by the London managers will be found the following:—Drury Lane, occupied by Italian Opera, under the management of Mr. Mapleson. Clara Louisa Kellogg re-appears as Violetta in "La Traviata"..... The Haymarket continues the successful play of the "Hero of Romance," with E. A. Sothern, Buckstone and Miss Robertson in the cast..... The Adelphi retains "No Thoroughfare," and the Princess' "Jeanie Deans"..... The Lyceum offers Risley's troupe of Japs, Mr. Bandman having closed his engagement there on the 4th inst..... "Mary Jones" is the title of a new comedietta from the French, produced at the Queen's Theatre, March 30th, and which will hold the stage for a while..... The Olympic produces an extravaganza by Burnaud, entitled "Hit or Miss, or all My Eye and Betty Martin," with music from Herve's "L'Œil Creve."..... Fanny Josephs opens the Holborn with Mr. Craven, in his domestic drama of the "Post Boy," and a version of "Biche au Bois," entitled the "White Fawn," formerly played with success in Liverpool..... The "Field of the Cloth of Gold" is the title of a burlesque by W. F. Brough, to be presented at the Strand. Miss Thompson, Miss Sheridan, and George Honey are engaged..... There will be no change at the New Royalty, as "Daddy Gray" and the "Merry Zingars" are very attractive..... Robertson's comedy of "Play" is a great success at the Prince of Wales' Theatre..... Professor Anderson, the "Wizard of the North," takes possession of Sadler's Wells, and will, in addition to his magical entertainment, appear in "Rob Roy," and as William in "Black Eyed Susan."..... A great attraction is announced for the Standard, in Miss Glyn, who is to appear as the Duchess of Malfi..... At the Marylebone, a new drama will be given..... The Surrey is preparing a new drama on the subject of "Poor Humanity."..... The "Wolf of the Pyrrenees" is in preparation at the Britannia..... The "Flying Scud" will take the boards of the Grecian, and the City of London re-opens under the management of Horton Rhys and Catherine Lucette..... Watts Phillips is at work upon an original play, commissioned by the management of the Queen's Theatre; also a four-act original drama, which will be produced at the New Surrey on the commencement of the September season.

J. B. HOWE opened at the East London Theatre on the 5th inst. in "Hamlet."

MR. CALEB'S commences a series of twelve farewell performances on the 25th inst. at the St. James Theatre, London.

ROBERT HELLER renews his performances on Easter Monday at Polygraphic Hall, London.

FRANK DREW has been performing at the Theatre Royal, Blackburn, England, in "Kathleen Mavourneen," "Handy Andy," and "Rip Van Winkle."

THE WILL OF THE LATE CHARLES KEAN.—The will of Mr. Charles John Kean has been proved in the London Court. The will is dated June 30th, 1866. He bequeaths to his wife (formerly Miss Ellen Tree) a life interest in the sum of £25,000, and after her decease he leaves the principal to his daughter, Miss Mary Maria Kean; he also leaves to his wife all the presentation plate, jewelry, and specific articles given to him, whether by private individuals or as public testimonials, which after her decease is to pass to his daughter; he further leaves to his wife the residue of his property. To his daughter he leaves £100 a year during the life of her mother. The testator has left to Martha Elizabeth Chapman, daughter of John Kemble Chapman, brother-in-law of his wife, a legacy of £1,000, and an annuity of £150 free of duty.

THE "MARSEILLAISE" IN FRANCE.—On March 26th the play of "Charles the Sixth" was performed at the Theatre of Grenoble, France. When the actors came to the famous strophes, "Guerre aux tyrans!" the entire pit joined in with the artists, and the passage was repeated. On leaving the theatre the people sang the "Marseillaise" through the streets. In Marseilles some 800 women employed in a cigar manufactory complained that the tobacco given them was too dry. The complaints not being attended to, they struck work and paraded the city, singing the "Marseillaise." They were soon joined by men, who took part in the procession. The *Journal de Toulouse* reports that the principal points of the city were occupied by the military.

SIG. ARECCO, the harpist, has been giving a series of concerts in South Adelaide, Australia, assisted by G. Loder, and Mr. and Mrs. Proctor.

JAMES ANDERSON AND G. COPPIN commenced an engagement in South Adelaide, Australia, on March 9th.

THE VALUE OF A SONG.—The copyright of Cherry's song, "Shells of the Ocean," was sold at a sale in London, Eng., recently, for £285.

WOLVES IN THE CIRCUS ARENA.—At the Paris Circus recently it was announced that a family of wolves were to appear in the arena, in company with a little child of three years old, whom the public were informed the amiable beasts take pleasure in caressing. The second act was to consist in the appearance of the child's father wearing a necklace of raw meat, to be torn from his neck by the animals. The police put a stop to this show.

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
LESSEE AND MANAGER.....WM. WHEATLEY
The curtain rises at 7½; performance terminates at 11 o'clock.
GREAT HIT OF THE NEW ATTRACTIONS.
The Theatre entirely filled every evening.
Monday, April 20, 1868, for the ninety-third time, will be presented the Grand Spectacular Burlesque, the
WHITE FAWN,
In which will appear Jarrett & Palmer's celebrated
PARISIENNE BALLET TROUPE.
The Dances, Songs and Brilliant Novelties as follows:—
The Prologue and Bell Ballet at 7:45; The First Act at 8:11; Enchanted Lake and Fire Fly Ballet at 8:30; the Second Act at 9:05; Martha and Lionel Ballet at 9:30; Farragut Horupipe and Tableaux of Real Water at 9:45; the Third Act at 10; Hungarian Polka at 10:05; the Ballet "Jealousy" at 10:10; the Enfante Premiere at 10:22; the Ballet a la Militaire at 10:27; Polka Chorus and Finale at 10:35; the Great Transformation Scene at 10:48. The best entertainment in America, closing at 11 o'clock. Grand Matinee every Saturday at 1 o'clock. Seats secured six days in advance.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.
SIXTH WEEK.
JAMES E. HAYES.....Lessee
CROWDED HOUSES! UPROARIOUS FUN!
G. L. FOX'S SPECTACULAR BALLET PANTOMIME.
HUMPTY DUMPTY,
GEORGE L. FOX.....as.....CLOWN.
a role in which he is without a living equal.
BALLET:
MLLES. RITA SANGALLI, BETTY RIGL, M. BAPTISTAN, LA PETITE RAVEL,
In Skating Carnival with the great Champion Skaters,
MISS CARRIE A. MOORE AND E. T. GOODRICH.
A MATCHLESS TRANSFORMATION SCENE.
SONGS, | PRACTICAL FUN, | THE CANCAN,
SKATING, | COMIC TRICKS, | EXQUISITE SCENES,
DANCING, | TRANSFORMATIONS, | HARLEQUIN LEAPS.
MATINEES, 1½; WEDNESDAYS AND SATURDAYS.
Begins at 8; Closes at 10½.

WORRELL SISTERS' N. YORK THEATRE.
Nos. 728 and 730 Broadway. Admission, 50 cents.
SECOND WEEK
OF
PARIS AND HELEN;
OR,
THE GRECIAN ELOPEMENT,
In which the
WORRELL SISTERS, SOPHIE, IRENE AND JENNY,
appear as Helen, Paris and Orestes, supported by a full
BURLESQUE AND OPERATIC CHORUS.
SUCCESS! SUCCESS! SUCCESS!
EVERY ONE DELIGHTED.
SEATS SECURED SIX DAYS IN ADVANCE.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY AT 2 O'CLOCK.
Box Book now open, from 8 till 6.

KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS,
720 BROADWAY.
Ninety-third Night of LEON'S Great Burlesque.
First appearance of JOE MURPHY, THE GREAT.
California's Celebrated Comedian.
First appearance of JOE MURPHY, THE GREAT.
ENTIRE CHANGE OF FIRST PART.
RAILROAD EXPRESS. STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

NEW YORK CIRCUS.
Fourteenth Street, opposite Academy of Music.
L. B. LENT.....Director.
MATINEES AT 2½.
WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON!
First appearance of the great American Horseman,
ROBERT STICKNEY.
THE CONRAD BROTHERS
In new and original feats.
THE WONDERFUL CYNOCEPHALUS!
THE WONDERFUL CYNOCEPHALUS!
THE WONDERFUL CYNOCEPHALUS!
In its surprising and comical performances.
THE LARGEST AND BEST
CIRCUS TROUPE IN THE WORLD
Will be brought forward in
AN UNAPPROACHABLE DISPLAY
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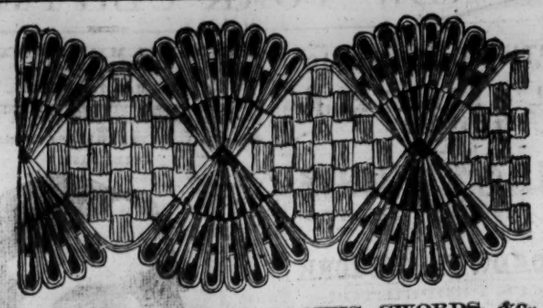

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